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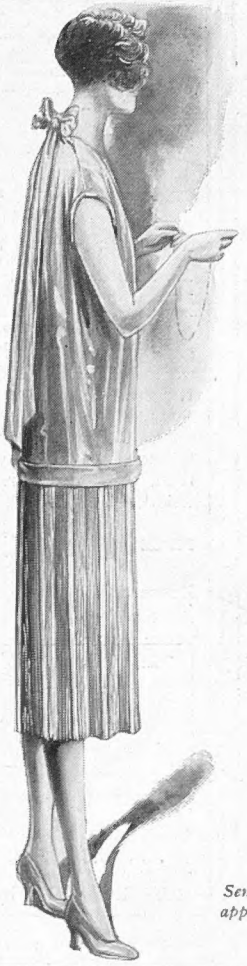

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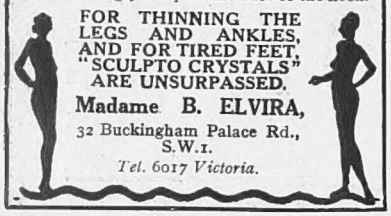

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THE "CORSLO CONTOUR" made of cotton tricot, hooked under left arm and laced at back, well boned in front, with wide supporting steel in centre: removable for washing; 2 pairs of suspenders. Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist and hips.

PRICE
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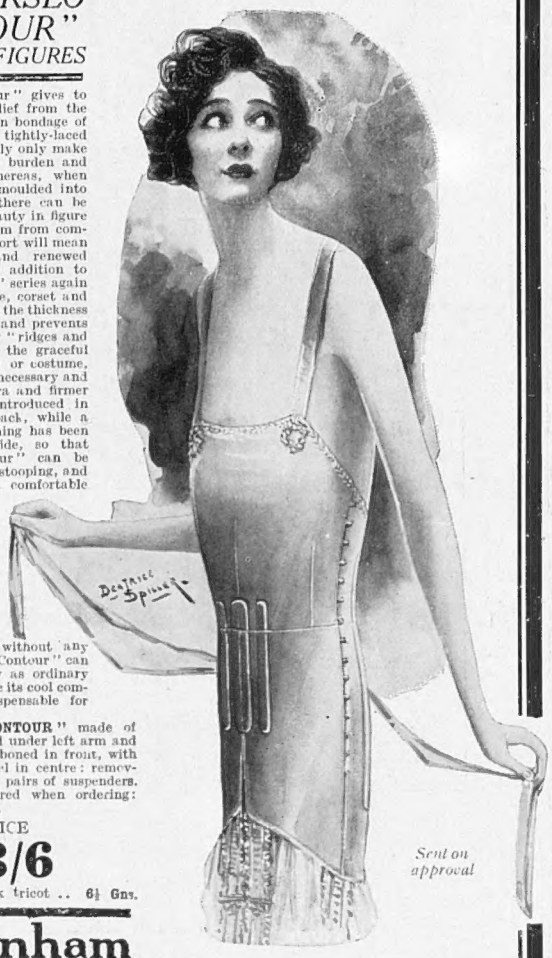
In best quality silk tricot .. 6¼ Gns.



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The issue of the
GRAPHIC
for February 13 will contain, among other interesting features:—

The Secret of "Atmospherics"
An illustrated article of great interest to wireless enthusiasts
By GEORGE F. MORRELL

The Post Office "Tube" Railway
A diagrammatic drawing
By D MACPHERSON

Dog Days at Cruft's
Some points about the new breeds
By MAJOR HARDING COX

Current Art Exhibitions
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Rugby Notes
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Articles by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Arthur Machen

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H. RUHL, *Man. Director.*

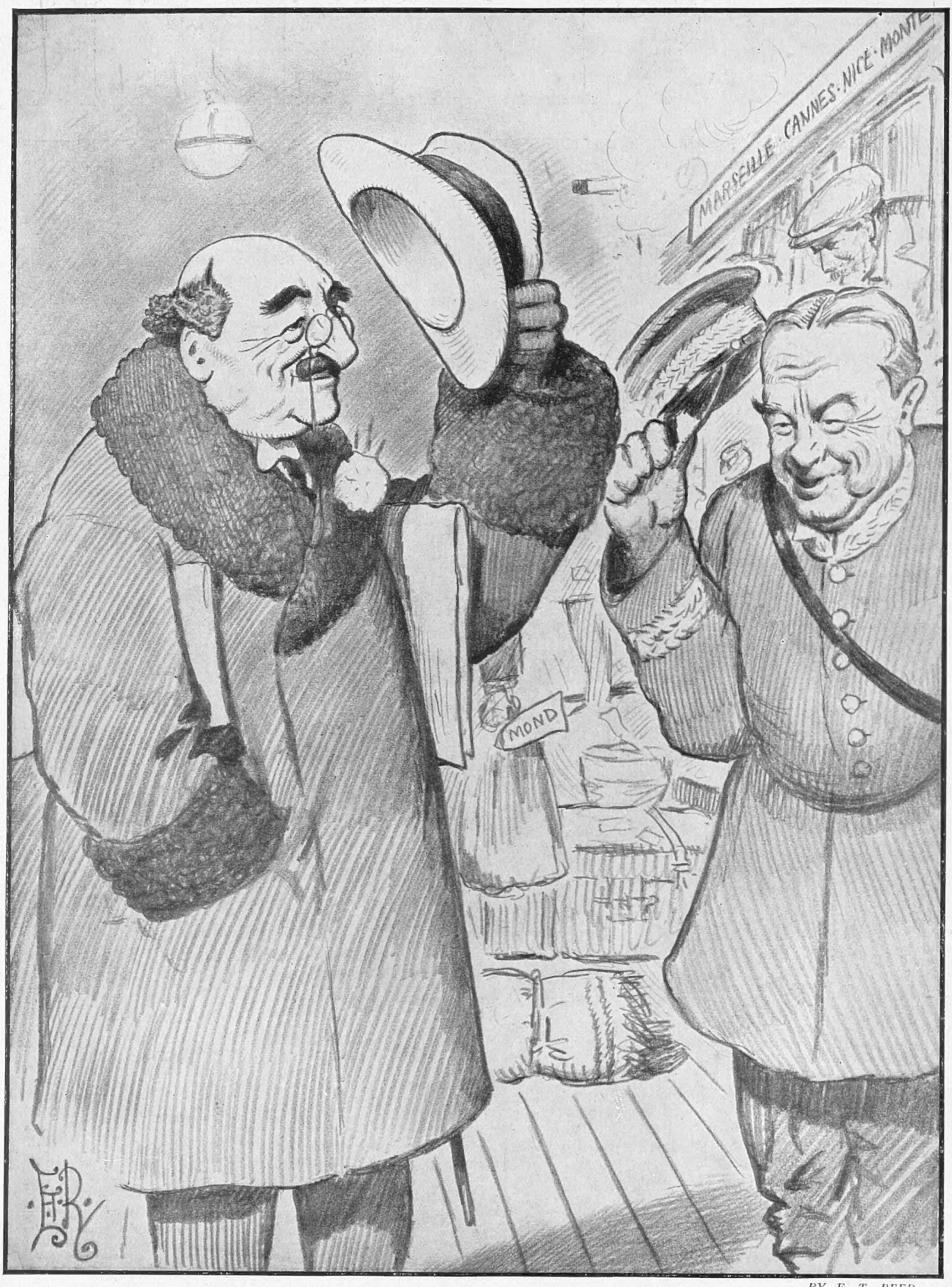
The Bystander, February 10, 1926 No. 1158. Vol. LXXXIX

The BYSTANDER

BY BLAM

IN A RIVIERA GARDEN

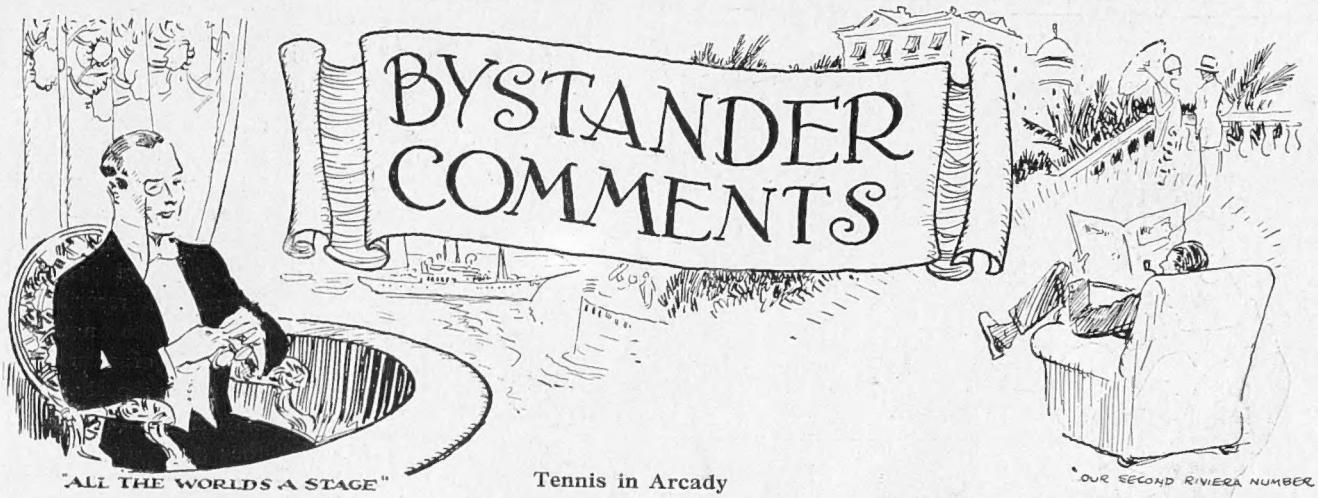
Boarding the "Blue-Train"



BY E. T. REED.

SIR MOND: "Oh, bonjour. Vous êtes le 'guard' du '*Train-Bleu*'—pour '*Côte d'Azur*' n'est-ce pas? Well, look here. I want a good seat,—IN THE SUN, if possible, comprennay?"

BALDOUINE (much impressed): "Ah! cer-taine-ment! Monsieur must 'ave ze nice place!—(*sotto voce*) I see some of my *regular* passengers getting shifted over this job!"



"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

"OUR SECOND RIVIERA NUMBER"

Second Riviera Number

HEREWITH, please accept delivery of our second Riviera number of this BYSTANDER, prepared for the entertainment of those readers who remain at home as much as for those who have sought the golden shores and tideless seas of the sunny south.

Hectic Months

As our artists and authors have reminded you, the carnival season on the Côte d'Azur is reaching its height. There remains a hectic month or two of fun and frolic, after which the birds of passage will be flocking home again—leaving this land of flowers and sunshine just when it is becoming most beautiful.

A Rich Reward

THIS is the moment when our own pleasure resorts should be doing some hard thinking. If they cannot study conditions on the Riviera at first-hand, they can, at least, study the picture papers in their own Public Libraries. Let them read this BYSTANDER, and learn that private and municipal enterprise will attract foreigners and foreign money to our shores. If Englishmen go to Avignon and Arles, why shouldn't Frenchmen come to Kenilworth and Carisbrooke?

Amateur Revue

IN these days of intimate revue, it is good to note that amateur actors are going in for this very modern type of entertainment, and that Samuel French, Ltd., have published nearly one hundred and fifty sketches for the use of amateur societies. This is a step in the right direction, and I fancy that the mothers and the sisters and the aunts of the performers will welcome such variety after the more solid dramatic fare to which they have been accustomed.

Tennis in Arcady

WHEN staying at Cannes last month I walked up to the tennis courts and thought how well they were looking. But my descriptive powers fade before the efforts of the correspondent who has just described the opening of the season. Listen to this: "The courts on one side were bounded by eucalyptus trees, on another the spectators reclined under a grove of orange trees which were heavily laden with ripe fruit. Stately palm trees stood away to the north, while on the southern side the Mediterranean reflected the gorgeous blue of a sub-tropical sky." And every single word of it is true.

"LET THEM READ THIS BYSTANDER"

Those Cheap Cars

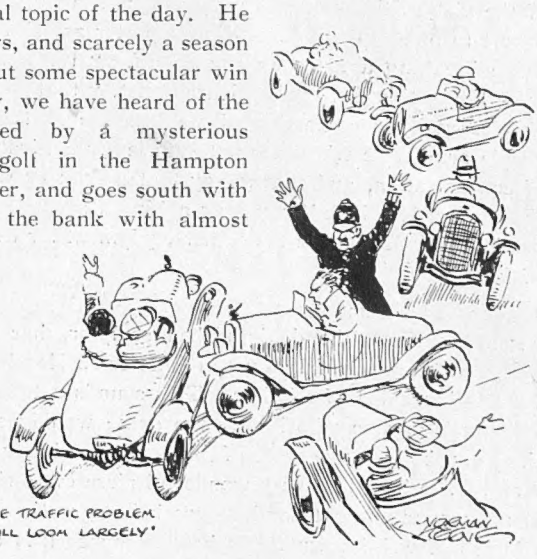
THE traffic problem will loom largely during this present year of grace, for there is no doubt that the cheap car will settle upon our roads much as the locusts settled on the crops in the time of Tutankhamen. In America one out of every five white persons owns a car, and we may therefore rest assured that England is only on the outside edge of the craze. Never mind, I suppose we shall find room for them all.

THE AUNTS OF THE PERFORMERS WILL WELCOME SUCH VARIETY

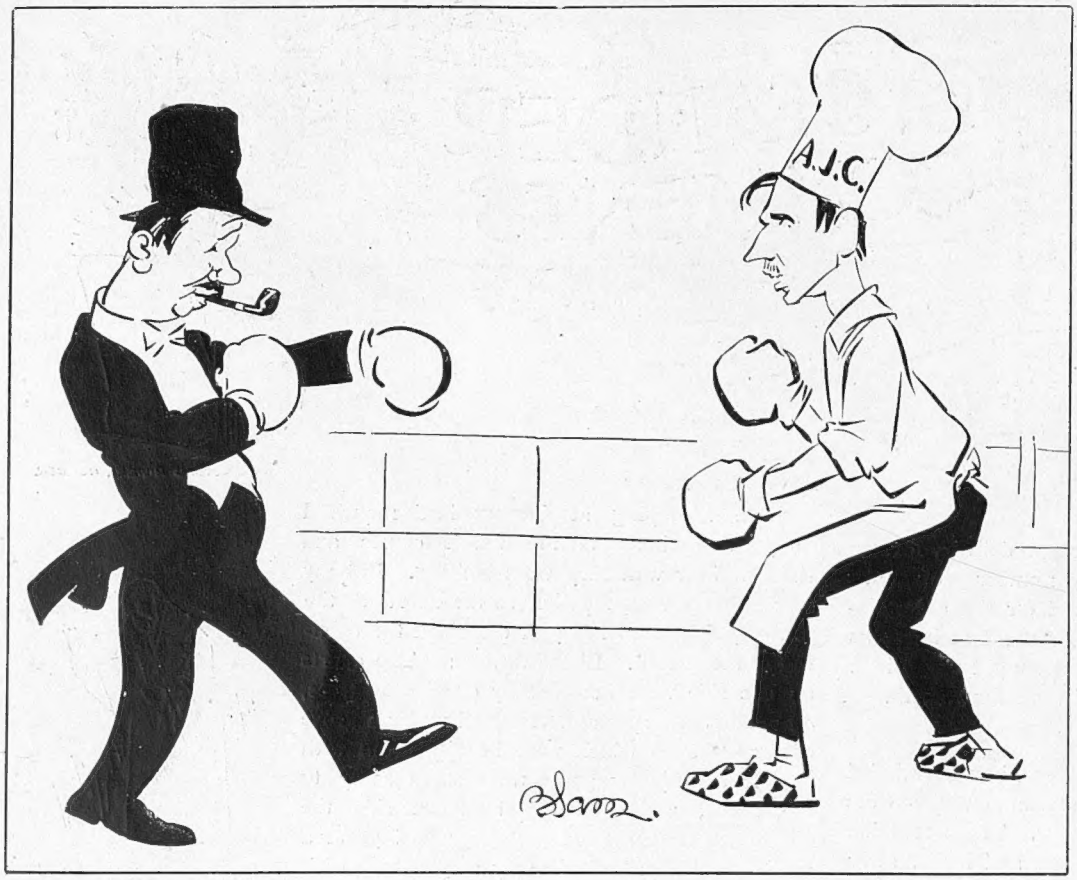
Breaking the Bank

ARTHUR DE COURCEY BOWER—"the man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo"—died at the psychological moment when all eyes are turned to the famous Casino, and when gambling was a very real topic of the day. He has had several successors, and scarcely a season is allowed to pass without some spectacular win being recorded. Already, we have heard of the feat being accomplished by a mysterious individual who plays golf in the Hampton Court area all the summer, and goes south with the swallows to break the bank with almost monotonous regularity.

'THE COURAGE TO LEAVE THE TABLES'.



'THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM WILL LOOM LARGELY'



By Blam

The "Derby Bright" and the "Kitchen Nut" Put up their OWN "Dukes"!

A Mystery Man

It is said of this particular mystery man that he is in possession of a secret that absolutely ensures his success. One learns that he lives laborious days, punting only now and then, and never failing to bring off the anticipated coup. Certainly, his record bears out this unusual theory, but I fancy the possession of the true gambling temperament is the real secret of his success. To keep complete control of one's feelings; to be neither elated nor depressed; to have the courage to continue and the courage to leave the tables—these are the essentials for the sort of "luck" that sends a man from Monte Carlo with a packet in his pocket.

Those Unlucky Ones

When I opened the New Year with a little dissertation on Luck, and when I had the hardihood to suggest that this same Luck was, perhaps, another name for one of the virtues that unlucky people do not possess, I did not expect to find so distinguished a supporter as Miss Clemence Dane breaking a lance on my behalf. "I know perfectly well," says this distinguished dramatist, "that to abuse my luck is really a confession of weakness, and that unlucky people are people who have not sufficiently cultivated the art of concentration, and that to say that a man or woman has 'persistent bad luck' is merely a kind way of hinting that something is lacking in his or her equipment for the business of living."

A Wonderful Bust

Albert Toft, the distinguished sculptor, has just completed a wonderful bust of Charles E. Hands, the most famous journalist of all time. This sounds a tall order, but I doubt if anyone who knows the game would deny Hands the palm, both on the score of personality and actual achievement. The bust is a very wonderful piece of work—life-like to an uncanny extent—and it was being greatly admired by a bunch of well-known folk when I dropped into the artist's studio the other Sunday morning. It is even more striking than Toft's bust of "Old Odell," and that *is* praise.

P.W.K.H.

More good stories are told of "Charlie" Hands than of any other man. In his delightful book of reminiscences "Some Piquant People," Lincoln Springfield placed it on permanent record that "Charles is nowadays a kind of world-wide institution: probably the best-known Londoner in the globe, apart from professional showmen. . . . You might say without much exaggeration that there is a world-brotherhood of the People Who Know Hands."

Food for Babes

The fire that brought the name of Sarah Grand into the papers served to remind us how literary taste has changed in the past twenty-five years. I can remember the stir caused by the publication of *The Heavenly Twins,* with its daring interlude dealing with the nocturnal love episodes in which the Tenor and the Boy figured so delightfully. Yesterday, our mothers were forbidden to read this food for babes, and to-day their daughters swallow that silly, sexy stuff, *The Green Hat,* and clamour for more.

OVERHEARD AT MONTE CARLO

"You see that man over there?"
"They say he's won such a lot!"
"Just look at his diamond rings."
"And, my dear! what pearls she's got."
"She doesn't look like his wife——"
"The woman's no taste in dress."
"Garcon! Two vermouths sec."
"Her get-up's a perfect mess!"
"There was such a crowd in the rooms——"
"Did you do any good to-day?"
"My dear! I can't touch a thing!"
"Really, it's futile to play."
"Oh, look! here's that dark young man."
"I wish he'd ask me to dance,"
"He teaches the dowagers all day,"
"Disgusting the way they prance!"
"If only I'd played on treize,"
"Instead of sept à douze!"
"Oh! here's the Count's young wife."
"Good heavens! look at her shoes!"
"They say she was ——"
"My dear! Is that true?"
"But, there! You never know."
"And the things these foreigners do!"
"We get chicken on Thursday nights——"
"Really, the food's not bad."
"What! into the Rooms again?"
"Yes, if I lose I shall go quite mad!"

Robert Stanford.

Dancing Time on the Côte d'Azur

BY HELEN McKIE

Our artist's impression of Elio Forde and Mary Silver who, by their exhibition dancing, have been delighting visitors to the Café de Paris, Monte Carlo

G.P.U

A COIGN OF VANTAGE

Interested spectators of the arrival of the State procession, from a balcony at the House of Lords. The group includes: the Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin, Lord Cave and the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Topical

IN THE STATE COACH

A glimpse of their Majesties as they proceeded to the opening of Parliament. The Court mourning robbed the spectacle of some of its splendour

The Opening of Parliament

COURT mourning deprived the opening of Parliament by the King last week of much of its wonted brilliance. Dresses were sombre, and black does not suit the Queen like the tissues of gold and blue which her Majesty usually wears on these occasions. But nothing can touch the effect of the ceremonial. Your Bystander has witnessed the ceremony often, but he is convinced that if he saw it fifty times he would, each time, get precisely the same thrill when the lights go up, and the peers in their crimson robes and the peeresses in glittering coronals rise to their feet as the nine pursuivants and heralds, heading the royal procession, enter the Chamber. The pursuivants and heralds in their tabards, covered with the four quarterings of the Royal arms, remind one of *Alice in Wonderland*, which is really unfair, because those self-same tabards suggested some of his happiest illustrations to Tenniel.

Then came gentlemen ushers and the groom-in-waiting to the King—Sir Harry Stonor, this year—in blue uniforms plentifully embroidered in gold. Behind these, an array of more uniforms, members of the King's Household, the Comptroller, the Private Secretary, the Treasurer, and the Keeper of the Privy Purse, followed by two more gorgeous tabards, those of Norroy and Clarenceux Kings of Arms. Lord Balfour should have followed, as Lord President of the Council, but unfortunately he is laid up at Whittinghame. Next was the Lord Chancellor, Lord Cave, a stately figure carrying the Great Seal of England in a huge leather satchel. Two more figures appeared in the doorway—the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod and Garter Principal King of Arms. Then, two peers in crimson robes walking backwards, Lord FitzAlan, Deputy Earl Marshal for his nephew, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Marquis of Lincolnshire, the Lord Great Chamberlain. Immediately behind them were the Marquis of Salisbury, carrying the Sword of State, the hilt of which was fixed in a red leather socket slung round his shoulders, and the Marquis of Londonderry carrying the crimson velvet ermine-bordered Cap of Maintenance.

There is a glitter of diamonds in the doorway—the King and Queen. Her Majesty wears an all-round coronal; the King, the Crown of England. Scarlet-clad pages carry their immensely long ermine trains; the Duchess of Devonshire, as Mistress of the Robes, holding up the end of the Queen's. Slowly, very slowly,

L.N.A.

AN ARRIVAL

Lady Beaumont arriving at the House of Lords for the re-opening of Parliament

Central News

LEAVING THE LORDS

A group on the steps of the House of Lords after the King had delivered his speech on the opening of the new session. The photograph includes: Lady Paulet, Faith Viscountess Downe, the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquis Merry del Val, and the Lord Mayor of London

the King and Queen mount the dais and stand before the two thrones, the pages arranging the trains of their robes in sweeping folds all down the steps. Their Majesties bow right and left. There is a rustle like a breeze through a wood as the peeresses sink to the ground in profound curtseys.

The moment—and it is only a moment—between the time when the King and Queen take their places on the thrones and the King begins to read his speech, is to me the most impressive in all that brilliant scene. In the intense stillness one is conscious of only one thing—the Majesty of England. Loyalty, patriotism—no matter how loyal and patriotic we may be—are, in a measure, abstractions; a code of thought, tradition, conviction—what you will.

But to see your tradition, your conviction, crowned, robed, and girt about with all the panoply of State, sweeps everything out of your mind except the realisation of England.

As a peeress said to me after last Tuesday's ceremony, "I have been to every opening of Parliament since the King came to the throne, and always just before he begins to read his speech, the words, 'Might, majesty, dominion, and power,' go through my head." That one moment impressed her just as it did me—and it impressed a great many other people in the same way.

THE CAMERA'S DRAW AT A HUNT BALL *Stutter*

A photograph taken at the Essex and Suffolk Hunt Ball which was held recently at the Moot Hall, Colchester. The group includes: Mrs. P. Crossman, Major V. Daly, Mr. P. Crossman, M.F.H., Mr. Nicholson, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Stanford, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. Blewitt, Lady Ada Nield, Mrs. Waller and Mrs. Walcott

Lafayette

A BRIDE-TO-BE

A photograph of Miss A. Acland-Hood of Holywell Hall, Stamford. Her engagement to the Hon. Mountjoy Fane, younger son of the late Earl of Westmorland, was recently announced

The Prince's Accident

THE PRINCE OF WALES completed a round dozen of accidents through being thrown from horses when he broke his collar-bone when hunting with the Fernie at Melton Mowbray. Most people who hunt come in for spills, but nobody hears about them. Whenever the Prince has a mishap, he being the Prince, all the world hears of it.

The dozen accidents, however, have not all been out hunting. The last one makes the fifth in that order, the worst of which was when he was thrown whilst out with the Beaufort, and had to be on crutches afterwards. Two years ago the Prince also broke his collarbone. That was at Leighton Buzzard, when he was galloping one of his horses. Three years ago he had two rather nasty spills in one month, one in the Beaufort Hunt Point-to-Point Races and the other in the Army Point-to-Point Races at Arborfield Cross.

These two accidents, following so closely on one another, roused so much public concern that since then the Prince has not taken part in steeplechasing, although I believe his abstention is very much against the grain. He is the pluckiest of riders. Five years ago he was thrown in the Grenadier Guards Point-to-Point Races, but remounted and finished third.

The Prince has been luckier at polo than in hunting, since he has only had two accidents on the polo ground. One was at Aldershot, when he was thrown and

A SPORTING DOUBLE FROM INDIA *Topical*

Mrs. R. J. Browne, Captain of the Calcutta Ladies' Golf Club, presenting the Cup to Mrs. T. G. Evers, winner of the Ladies' Amateur Golf Championship. This is Mrs. Evers's third successive victory

Lord Lytton presenting the Indian Army Polo Cup to Major Lucas of the Scouts team. In the final round the Scouts defeated a team representing the Army in India by five goals to three

hurt one of his legs; the other was at Manila.

Londonderry House

NOWHERE else nowadays could you see such a scene in a private house in London as that presented in Londonderry House the night before the opening of Parliament. To begin with, there is no other house left big enough to hold the number of guests invited "to meet the Prime Minister." But, like the opening of Parliament, it was not as brilliant as usual owing to the Court mourning. However, there were masses of tiaras and Lady Londonderry—the last of the great London hostesses—

Alfieri

A LADY OWNER

A photograph taken at the recent Gatwick meeting of Mrs. Gregson, who is a well-known racehorse owner. With her is Mrs. Nowman

was a radiant vision at the top of the staircase, literally all ablaze in the magnificent Londonderry diamonds.

The Prime Minister and Lord Londonderry stood beside her, and shared with her the *corvée* of shaking hands with something like seventeen hundred people. By eleven o'clock even those big rooms were one solid mass of people. Everybody, great and small, belonging to the Government was there, and as many of the men had come on from the official dinners—military, Ministerial and diplomatic—uniforms and Court clothes were plentiful. As for decorations, there was scarcely a manly bosom which did not display a row.

Long before the hour for which they were bidden a crowd of people filled the hall and the lower steps of the staircase, their object being the gallery overlooking the stairs, a vantage point from which you can see the unending stream of people slowly ascending and being received at the top—a wonderful spectacle of glitter and colour.

G. G. Garland

WATCHING THE TRIALS

A photograph of Lord Dalmeny (left), the Hon. Mrs. Harold Pearson and Major the Hon. Harold Pearson, at the meeting of the Sussex County Coursing Club. This was held recently at Petworth

A Little Thrill

THIS year, Lady Londonderry's party had an unusual thrill. This was the presence of Sir Alfred and Lady Mond. As I saw them coming up the staircase I could not help thinking what a story Disraeli would have made of it—the brilliant *mise-en-scène*, the lights, the jewels, the dresses, the great house with its portraits of bygone Londonderrys, and all that they stood for, all that its present owners stand for, and the rather dramatic secession of Sir Alfred Mond from the Liberal Party.

Lady Mond wore a band of diamonds rather low on her forehead and some wonderful emeralds. She seemed to be enjoying herself vastly. It is an interesting commentary on English politics that whilst Sir Alfred and Lady Mond were, so to speak, setting the public seal upon Sir Alfred's change of view, their son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady Erleigh, were at the party given by Lady Beauchamp at Halkyn House for the Liberals.

Topical

BETWEEN RACES

A photograph of Sir Mathew Wilson and Lady Curzon of Kedleston walking to the paddock at the Kempton Park 'Chases

A Contrast

WHILST we are on the subject of political changes of opinion, I heard a good story at Londonderry House apropos of the way in which Sir Alfred Mond's separation from the Liberal Party was taken by the party leaders. It is what you might call a story of contrasts.

In pre-War days, when a Conservative Government was in power, a promising and ambitious young man, who has since held high offices in both Conservative and Liberal Governments, had but newly entered Parliament. One day he went to the then Prime Minister, a distinguished statesman who is still with us, and asked for office—an Under-Secretaryship, or something of the kind.

The then Prime Minister pointed out that there were many men whose years of service to the party and the country gave them the first claims

on any post that might fall vacant: youth must wait its turn. But this particular youth had no intention of waiting. He made no bones about it, and said definitely that unless he got an office of some kind or another he should "cross over to the other side."

The Prime Minister rose, and shaking the young man's hand warmly, said, "Good-bye, my dear ——. Pray convey my warmest congratulations to the 'other side.'"

As I said, it is a story of contrasts.

The New Spirit and the Old

You must visualise a party and a Mrs. Newest Newly-Rich in conversation with a peeress.

Mrs. Newest Newly-Rich: I find champagne is the best thing for cleaning my diamonds, and claret for my rubies. They tell me that green Chartreuse is the only thing for cleaning emeralds. What do you use for cleaning your jewels?

Peeress (whose husband has just sold their last farm to pay his income tax): I never clean my jewels. When they are dirty I throw them away.

Speaking for myself, that is the sort of thing I only think of when I'm in my bath the next morning.

In Charity's Name

The growing fashion of giving entertainments for charities in private houses helps the charities considerably because there are no expenses for hire, lighting, etc. But too many organisers of such entertainments seem to consider that because they are given for charity the performers should give their services free, gratis and for nothing.

Seeing the bad times singers and instrumentalists are going through just now this is especially hard. If the artist is asked point-blank to give his or her services it is, of course, open to them to say a yea or a nay. But very often they are asked to sing or play without a word being said as to payment or the otherwise. Then if they ask for a fee they are told, "But it is for a charity!" and are given clearly to understand that it is grasping and mean to expect fees for a charity entertainment.

Only recently a well-known artist was asked by a great lady to arrange a concert which she was giving in her drawing-room. He was to engage the other artists, settle the programme—in short, she left the whole arrangement to him. The tickets, if I recollect right, were a guinea apiece. The big drawing-room was crowded, people even being squeezed into other rooms.

The concert was a huge success, and the great lady bubbled over with thanks and gratitude. But when the next day the artist sent in his account for his own services and for those of the people he had engaged, he received a letter which, beginning with reproaches, ended in what was little removed from downright abuse. Not one of them got a penny as the concert was "for charity."

This was bad enough, but to make matters worse, the great lady some little time afterwards gave a concert of her own. But despite her professed admiration for the talents of the people who had appeared at her charity concert, she d i d n ' t engage one of them! And, further, she took the pains to let the man who had arranged the programme f o r h e r know that it was a punishment for wishing to be paid for the first concert.

Logically, it seems an odd way of helping charity by commandeering the services of people, many of whom at the present moment are as much in need of help as the charities themselves. At any rate, there is considerable resentment amongst singers and instrumentalists on the point.

Topical

MR. AND MRS. J. SEELY, THE HON. THOMAS CHOLMONDELEY AND LADY CHARLES BENTINCK.

Alfieri

LADY STALBRIDGE AND MISS HOLFORD.

OVER THE STICKS AT NOTTINGHAM

Some of the onlookers at the Nottingham Steeplechases

Topical

THE HON. AUBREY HASTINGS AND MRS. STANLEY.

Alfieri

MRS. HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD, LADY BLANDFORD AND MRS. WYNDHAM QUIN.

A Correction

Owing to the mistake of a photographic agency, the names of two members of a group, taken at the Brighton Beagles Hunt Ball, and published on page 241 of our issue of February 3, were given as Miss Wash and Mr. Warter House. These should have read, Miss Muriel Nash and Mr. Herbert Warter.

The Riviera Week by Week

G.P.U.

"YOU TO PLAY, PARTNER!"

A photograph taken on the links at Mont Agel, of Mrs. Eustace Ralli and Mrs. Frederick Hammond, partners in the Tournament for the Monte Carlo Woman's Cup. They appear to be confident of victory!

NICE has put on her carnival attire once more, and from February 4 to the 16th the merry and fantastic monarch, who is the forty-eighth of his line, is to reign supreme. Everyone is hoping that no other rain may clash with his own during that period, although, as a matter of fact, a wet day is by no means uncommon at this time of year. The decorations have never been so elaborate or so effective before, and the Place Massena and the famous Avenue de la Victoire have been hung with hundreds of thousands of electric lights. Flaming arches and red demons hung in the giant plane trees give a most devilish aspect to the scene, and at nights it will certainly be quite unforgettable.

DURING the Carnival there will be, as usual, several great processions, a battle of flowers, public dancing in the streets, and galas and fancy-dress balls at all the leading hotels and restaurants. The town, needless to add, is now crowded with visitors from every part of the world. The "Fête d'Elégance," organised by M. André de Fouquières, with the artistic assistance of M. Paul Tissier, was a brilliant affair which drew all the smartest people to the Hotel Ruhl, and among the many entertainments given during the evening, the dances by Gill Astor and her partner, Jack Gavin, were especially popular. Another beautifully arranged affair was the "Gala des Orchidées" at the Negresco, at which the ex-Khedive of Egypt was entertaining a large party of guests. Joan Pickering and Dan Fer were the dancing stars at the Majestic gala, where every lady guest received a dainty box in Japanese lacquer, filled with candies, as a souvenir. One of the most cheery resorts for supper is Maxim's, where Ferrero has a knack of providing plenty of real amusement combined with a *cuisine* which is beyond criticism. One cannot look in at Maxim's without meeting a host of well-known visitors, and it is especially popular among the American colony.

THE ever-genial Steve Donoghue has been a centre of attraction in Nice lately, and has been taking the leading part in a new sporting film production, and those who saw his performance of a race on the historic horse "Manna"—or, at least, a very fine imitation of that great racer—on the pretty track by the Var, with a cinema operator doing his best to keep abreast in a motor car on the double track, assure me it was thrilling in the extreme. This will be something to watch for at the local cinema in due course.

G.P.U.

A GOOD DRIVE

The Hon. Mrs. Beresford in a "striking" position, whilst playing in the Windsor Cup Competition. The photograph was taken on the links at Mont Agel

LORD AND LADY CABLE are in Nice, and others who have arrived include Lady Glentanar, who has taken a villa at Villefranche for three months. Prince Chichibu of Japan, after a week at Mürren, is coming to Beaulieu on a visit to the Duke of Connaught, who is rapidly recovering from his recent illness, and has been to two local weddings. Some of the politicians who have been holiday-making here have returned to town for the opening of Parliament, among them Sir William Joynson-Hicks and Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, but newcomers are as numerous as ever. Lord and Lady Ardee, Lord and Lady Ashcombe, the Hon. Sir John and Lady Ward, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and Mr. and Mrs. Montefiore Nicholls are among the latest.

MRS. JOSEPH PULITZER has taken Lord Aberconway's beautiful château on Cap d'Antibes for the season as usual, and Lady Wodehouse is coming to stay with her, while Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Mason are near by at Juan-les-Pins.

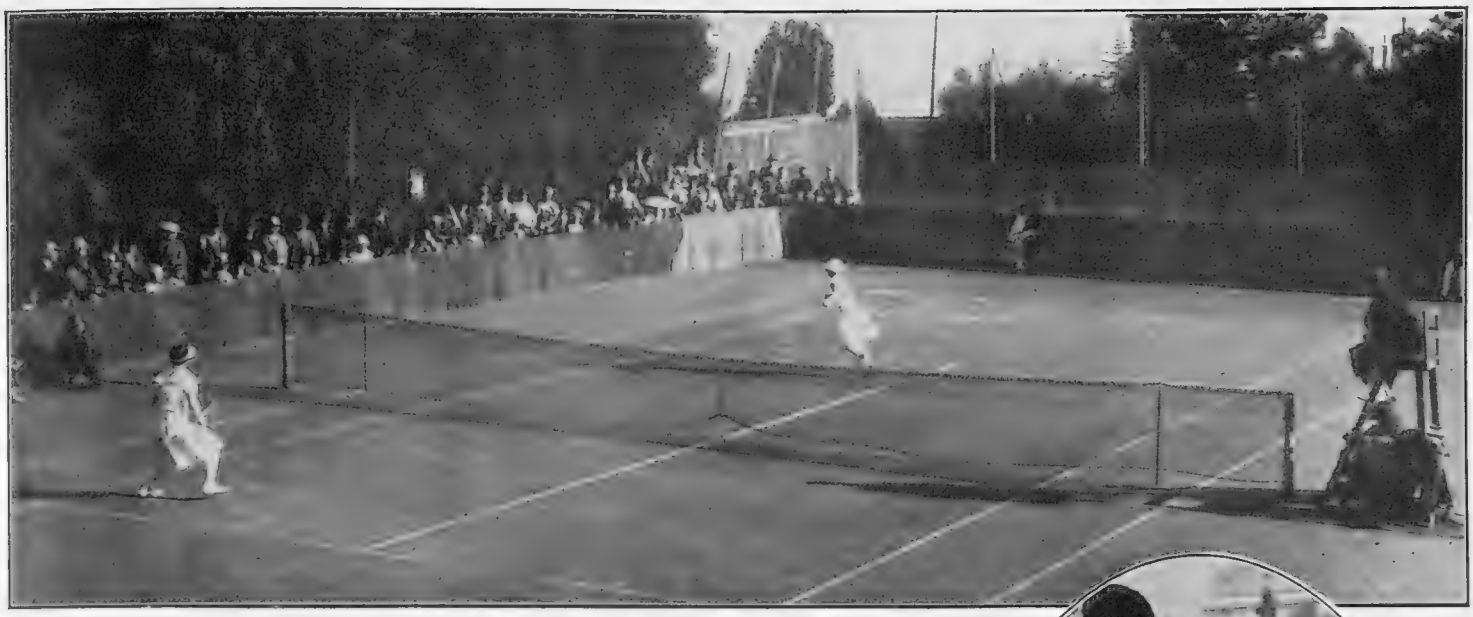
THE main topic of conversation in Cannes last week was the amazing luck of Mr. Sydney Beer in the baccarat-rooms. This young sportsman, who is famous in racing circles as the owner of the unbeaten "Diomedes," started playing one night with a modest capital, and in the course of a week had won £55,000 sterling. Subsequent losses brought his total gains down to £27,000, and the most remarkable feature of the story is that, having amassed this little fortune with no more hard work than is involved in withstanding the horrible atmosphere of the rooms, Mr. Beer announced that he would not play any more; and up to the moment of writing I have never seen him there since, though he was indulging in a modest little flutter at the Cannes Races on Sunday afternoon. To resist the temptation to try and make a little more at the game shows a strength of character which is rare among visitors to the Temple of Chance. Being a very presentable young bachelor, it is not surprising that many romantic rumours are circulating around the town about his future plans.

RECENT arrivals in Cannes include Captain Sir George and Lady Duckworth-King, who are staying at the Villa Kasbeck with Major and Mrs. Thomas Moss; the Marchioness of Crewe, Lord Alington, Lady Wolverton, Sir John Rutherford, Major-General A. B. Ritchie, and Mr. and Mrs. George Lawson-Johnston, who are at the Grand Hotel; Princess de Faucigny-Lucinge, the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon. Sir John and Lady Ellerman, the Hon. Denys Scott, Lieut.-Col.

Photographs *E. Navello*

ON THE TERRACE AT MONTE

The Hon. Mrs. Fitzgerald **The Hon. Evelyn Fitzgerald**



L.N.A.

AN INTERNATIONAL TUSSLE

Miss Helen Wills, on the near side of the net, playing against Mlle. Regine Vlasto, in the second round of the Ladies' Singles in the Gallia Club Tournament at Cannes. Miss Wills won 6—0, 6—2

Sir Rhys and Lady Williams and Comtesse Peretti de la Rocca at the Carlton; Mr. F. A. Govett, who came south after addressing the annual meeting of the Burma Corporation, Lady Hedley Le Bas, Sir Harry and Lady Greer, Sir Gordon and Lady Lee, Sir Francis and Lady Voules, and Commander and Mrs. Baylden at the Beau-Site; and Lady Marriott at the Windsor. Mrs. Hector Sassoon has taken the Villa les Luynes, the Cannes home of the Duchesse de Noailles, for the season; and Sir A. C. Tyrrell Beck and Lady Beck have arrived by road from London on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Locke at Les Arcades, and Sir Harry and Lady Perry Robinson are at the Villa la Madeleine.

THE Cannes Races began in fine style, and the phenomenal growth of the town and its sporting propensities may be seen by the fact that since 1921 the number of entries has increased from 180 to 1031, the events from 11 to 50, and the prize-money from 170,000 to 785,000 francs. On the first Sunday of the present series the reserved stands were not nearly large enough to accommodate the crowd which turned up from all parts of the coast, while the motor cars had to be parked for a mile along the beautiful road which leads into the heart of the Esterel Mountains.

THE EX-KHEDIVE ABBAS HELIM of Egypt has arrived on his luxuriously fitted yacht, coming from Nice, and his first engagement on shore was to lunch with his friends, Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, at the Villa Mariposa, where the Duke of Vendôme and Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece had been invited to meet him. The tennis attraction has, of course, been the Gallia tournament, with Miss Helen Wills looking daily more calm and unconcerned as she tackled first one opponent and then another. No one supposes she is yet ready to beat Mlle. Lenglen, but, as some unaccountable difficulty seems to keep these two champions from ever meeting in the singles, it may be a long time before we have an opportunity of judging their respective merits when face to face. At the Cannes Tennis Club the great event is the Veterans' Cup, presented for the fourth year by Dr. Warden, for men of fifty years and over, which has drawn the biggest entry of the series, and is sure to be full of interest as usual.

OF the smaller restaurants in Cannes, two which are just now very fashionable are Armenonville, where the wonderful Dora Stroeva and a new Roumanian orchestra are the chief attractions, and the Edouard VII, facing the statue of King Edward on the Croisette, where the *caneton sauvage à l'orange* is only one of the many dainty and original dishes for which the *chef* has achieved a reputation.

C. N. Daly

ON THE COURTS

Mrs. Margot Ashby and Lady Fremantle photographed on the courts at Cannes. Lady Fremantle is the wife of Sir Selwyn Fremantle, of the I.C.S.

C. N. Daly

BEFORE THE BATTLE

Lady Roundway (left) and Mrs. Sinclair Westcott ready for the fray at Cannes. They met in the Ladies' Singles of the Gallia Club Tournament

LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR JOHN and Lady Pretyman-Newman have returned to Monte Carlo after a brief visit to London, and the Earl of Dunraven, who has been staying at the Villa la Pastourella for some time, has now gone on board his yacht *Sona*, which has just come out from England. The Hon. Sir Charles Russell, son of the great Lord Russell of Killowen, and Lady Ludlow, widow of the late Sir Julius Wernher, are among recent names noted in the visitors' list. Entertaining is very brisk, and both in the villas and the many popular restaurants in the Principality there are large parties nightly, with dancing *ad lib.*

OF the night resorts one of the favourites is the Knickerbocker, just underneath the Galerie Charles III, which is very much in vogue; and the Cossack Choir, with its picturesque costumes and quaint turns, and Miss Blanche Juneau, of the Ziegfeld Follies, have had a huge success lately.

COCKTAIL TIME

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Midwood passing the pleasant half-hour before lunch on the Royalty Terrace at Monte Carlo

The Royalty Bar is equally popular in its own way, and is the meeting-place for everybody at *apéritif* time, and Guido and Francis, who are the presiding geniuses, have countless friends. They have presented a fine cup for competition at the Golf Club shortly, for which there will be a keen struggle in the hope of having it filled later at the Bar by the winner.

THERE is so much in the way of entertainment in Monte Carlo that no one knows which way to turn next. Boredom simply does not exist.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

SPORT ON THE RIVIERA

POSSIBLY by the time that this message appears in print the Riviera will be bathed in its normal sunshine. I sincerely hope so. At present it is raining dismally, and those of us who, like myself, deal mainly with *la vie au grand air*, are feeling that we are being defrauded of our just rights. Outdoor sport is being carried on only in the face of abnormal difficulties, and we are duly grateful, in consequence, that there are still topics of conversation which the weather has failed to kill. One of these is the high play at the "big" baccarat table in the Casino at Cannes, where the thinking is done in hundreds of thousands of francs, and where Mr. Sydney Beer was at one time (whatever he is now) about five millions of francs up on "bogey," represented by the syndicate of Greek players who are prepared to hold the bank against all comers.

YET I doubt whether Mr. Beer has really been more in the limelight than Miss Helen Wills, who is already as great a crowd-compeller as "Suzanne" herself. What will happen when the two meet in singles I do not know, for I doubt whether there is any arena on the Riviera capable of accommodating all the people who will want to see them. The great event ought to come off this week at the open tournament of the Carlton Club at Cannes, wherein they have both entered for the singles; this means that as it is permissible to "arrange" the draw in France, they should, bar accidents, meet in the final. Quite apart from her fame as a player, Miss Wills has made herself extraordinarily popular, from the personality point of view, by reason of her charming and unaffected manner, which helps to emphasise the comeliness of her features and the grace of her movements. The fact that she had hardly been in Cannes a week before she was the guest of honour at that somewhat exclusive club, the *Cercle Nautique*, speaks for itself.

FAILING Mlle. Lenglen, Miss Wills has had, and will have, worthy opponents in Mlle. "Didi" Vlasto and Mlle. Contostavlos, who are ranked next after Suzanne in France. Which reminds me that when Miss Wills won the singles at the Metropole tournament as a *débutante* on the Riviera, her victory was hailed by several papers as her first open tournament in France. The absurdity of the error was emphasised by the fact that in the final she beat the self-same opponent, Mlle. Vlasto, whom she beat in the final of the Olympic tournament in Paris two years ago.

GOING ASHORE

Sir Harry Livesey, who has been visiting Monte Carlo in his yacht, photographed while going ashore at the quay

Photographs *G. P. U.*

GOLF IN THE MOUNTAINS

Sir William Yarworth Jones competing in the Windsor Cup Competition on the Mont Agel Golf Course

THE first of the annual "home and home" matches between the Golf Clubs of Nice and Cannes was played on the course of the Cannes Club at Mandelieu on a day which luckily happened to be fine. Cannes won the match by taking the singles with a lead of six points; in the foursomes the sides were all square. This match is always regarded as one of the golfing events of the season, and is always fought out with the utmost keenness. The return on the Nice Club's course has yet, at the moment at which I am writing, to take place.

ONE of the sights of Cannes of late has been the fine fleet of big yachts assembled in the harbour. These have included at various times, and often at one and the same time, Mr. S. J. Joel's beautiful white steam yacht *Eileen*, in which he has made several cruises, with a party of friends on board, between Cannes and Monte Carlo; M. Lebaudy's auxiliary schooner *Résolue*, whose three masts tower high above the rest; Mr. Pim's black steam yacht *Rosabelle*, the ex-Khedive of Egypt's *Nimet-Allah*, Lord Inverclyde's *Beryl*, Sir James Knott's *Princess*, and Sir Warden Chilcott's auxiliary brigantine *Dolphin*, a most picturesque looking craft which Lord Birkenhead chartered for a Mediterranean cruise of about a week's duration before he left Cannes for London. There are also plenty of small racing yachts in the harbour from eight metres downwards, but we have missed the occasional races which took place in January last year off Cannes. However, the regatta season has now begun. Genoa regatta is now in progress, and it will be followed by Monaco, which is due to begin on February 25, and will be followed by Menton, Beaulieu, Nice, Antibes, and Cannes, of which Monaco and Cannes are the largest, each lasting for about a fortnight.

H. S. S.

THE GATEWAYS OF LONDON

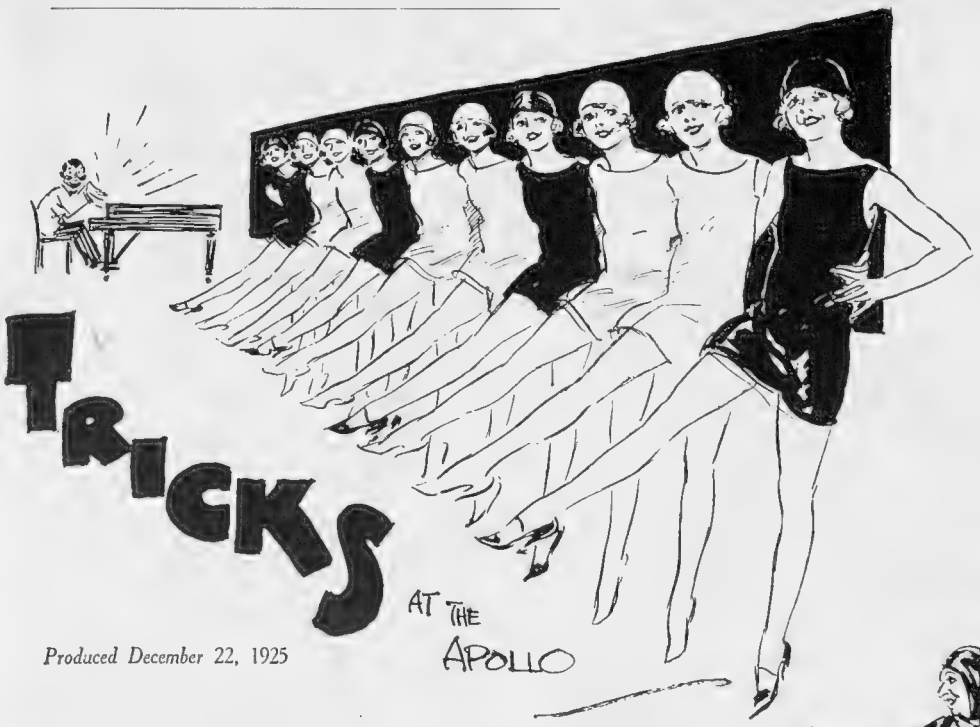
VICTORIA

By Reginald Arkell *Illustrated by* C. Morse

WHEN I go to Victoria,
I smell the smell of scented things ;
I hear the beat of swallows' wings
Beneath the dome of glass.
I dream beneath the olive trees ;
I pace, again, those tideless seas,
And there is jasmine in the breeze
Among the hills of Grasse.

When I go to Victoria,
Its golden gates are open wide,
And we, together, side by side,
May ride the wide world over.
I smell, once more, the Channel brine ;
I see the lights of Paris shine,
And know that Paradise is mine,
Beyond the cliffs of Dover.

Then hasten to Victoria.
Follow the footsteps of the crowd,
To learn that London's murky cloud
Has got a silver lining.
Come, take your seat and let us go !
In that dear Southern land I know
Where falls not hail, nor any snow,
The golden sun is shining !



Produced December 22, 1925

By "JINGLE" Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS amusing revue derives its name apparently from the fact that the lively Trix Sisters, Miss Helen and Miss Josephine, are the leading ladies of the enterprise. Miss Helen, indeed, is responsible for most of the music, and as she is, in addition, a very delightful humorist, she certainly earns the bit of money I believe people in her profession frequently receive in return for their efforts to amuse the public. Together, the Trix Sisters sing the inevitable Mammy song, with which I understand the average American artist is inoculated at birth; and then they have a fine riotous duet entitled "The Bam, Bam, Bammy Shore," which, if it does not mean anything much, at least means well. It is a nice melodious piece of iteration that seems to have escaped from a plantation concert of the best kind.

THEN Helen has the usual Ukulele song, which she renders as she sits on the stage with some of the Girls grouped about her. It is all very homely and very nice. I expect soon to hear that one of our Judges will be asking in Court whether a Ukulele is something to play, or something to eat. One of these learned gentlemen the other day asked for a description of the Saxophone, which, so far as I know, is a wind instrument which is, or should be, played to the accompaniment of half a brick straight from the shoulder. Miss Josephine Trix has been allotted one or two pleasing duets with Mr. Paul England, which add much to the picturesque side of the show. I think I like her best as the demure little Quakeress in "Vanity Fayre" who thaws gradually under the influence of masculine attention gracefully supplied by Mr. England, and finally lets herself go in a lively dance with a distinct kick in it.

MR. BERT COOTE is the chief humorist of the evening, and as he is one of those accomplished comedians who always make me laugh, I conclude that he is a very real humorist indeed. One of his best efforts is a sketch entitled "The Dook of Chicago." An announcement is made from the stage to the effect that care has been taken to avoid anything in the sketch that might lead to international complications, but I should fancy that hundred-per-cent. Americans may consider the fun a little personal. The idea is that America has decided to grant titles to its citizens who have become dissatisfied with the social limitations of "Judge," and the ubiquitous "Colonel." The "Dook" in the sketch tells us that he paid five million dollars for his title, and he has probably used his money quite as sensibly as others of his countrymen who have rushed into expensive print to urge us to Drink More Milk and Get Fits, or something of that sort.

THE "Dook" employs an English retainer of the old school to keep him posted in the ways of the nobility; but he is very much upset when he learns that it is not the correct thing for a Duke to go for a morning stroll down the street with his coronet stuck on the back of his head, just to show the crowd that he is the real thing. The breaking-point comes when the faithful retainer demurs at the presence in the room of a very obvious cuspidor. The Duke then decides that he has no use for his expensive title, as it is no use being a nobleman if you may not spit in your own home. I have myself never been in America, but I do not gather from my reading and correspondence that this is a faithful picture of American life to-day. Years ago, it may have been different.

Stage Photo Co.

"THOU ART TRANSLATED!"
A poignant scene from "Cook gets her Notice," the dialogue of which is conducted entirely in lines from Shakespeare. The photograph shows Helen Trix (left), Arthur Chesney and Margaret Yarde

IN TANGO TIME

Stage Photo Co.

Josephine Trix and Paul England oblige with song and dance in the number, "Cuban Rose," what time the chorus add "snap" to the scene

INDEED, Charles Dickens in 1842 wrote to his friend Forster that the habit in question was so prevalent that, looking out of the window of a railway train, you got the impression that they were ripping open featherbeds, and letting the wind dispose of the feathers. Even the urbane Mr. Emerson, after paying Dickens the left-handed compliment that he "sacrificingly undertook the reformation of our American manners," is constrained to admit that in the pews of many of the churches in the States, little placards "plead with the worshipper against the fury of expectoration." I shall not claim that this discussion is in the nicest possible taste, but I can at least plead that it was the other boy who began it. Mr. Bert Coote is quite a delight as the "Dook"; while Mr. Arthur Chesney is the unassertive and well-mannered retainer to the life.

A HIGHLY ingenious turn is that entitled "Cook Gets Her Notice." Th authors quaintly claim that they have not written a word of the dialogue, the reason being that it is entirely made up of apt quotations from Shakespeare. Admirers of the Bard who have dwelt lovingly on the well-known line, "Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee, thou art translated," may receive a shock on learning of the very literal use to which the line is applied in consequence of a fall from a badly-mended chair. But you will be seeing the turn for yourselves, and I would not for the world rob the able authors of any of their thunder. Lighter humour is copiously supplied by Mr. Paul England, who first sings an appeal to his "Sweetie" in the usual amorous vein, and afterwards informs us in plaintive tones "My Sweetie turned me down." There is in the lament the usual melancholy of unrequited love, with a vague reference to the river as the only end to seek, and then another "Sweetie" turns up, and the disappointed lover decides upon the sensible course of taking a hair from the dog that bit him. After all, there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and though there is only one girl in the world for a fellow, it needn't always be the same girl.

A NEW idea is expressed by the sketch, "Safety in Numbers." A jealous husband, suspecting that his wife has a lover, strolls home one evening and threatens in a clumsy and uncertain way to shoot her dead. The lady, however, ridicules his threats, and sweeps past him on the way to her room. The husband then has an idea. He fires into the air, and then, as people come rushing into the room, he explains that he has just shot his wife's lover. Each of the new arrivals names the implied victim differently, so that it would seem that, whatever the lady's views on politics may be, in love affairs she is distinctly liberal.

THEN there are the Browns of somewhere in the East End, who are disposed to put on airs because Miss Daisy Brown is being courted by young Mr. Polk, who is at the ribbon-counter of a big haberdashery house, when he might have been a mere seller of socks or shirts. It is unfortunate that, just as the young man is expected to call, Herbert Brown should return home in an aggressive mood after having been away from home for a statutory period of eighteen months in satisfaction of the law. Mrs. Brown tries her best to get her erring son out of the way, as there is, of course, a well-marked class distinction between those who have done time and those who haven't; but it subsequently transpires that she herself is hardly entitled to sport the white flower of a blameless life, and as the curtain falls it looks as if she had a month's hard or so pending for herself. There are many quite new and original features in this revue, which offers a very satisfying evening's entertainment.

JINGLE.

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

It took six adults an hour last week to solve the following little problem :—Two Americans were walking over London Bridge and one was the father of the other one's son. What was the relationship between them?

. . . . . .

It is said that we ought to give Italy credit for her honourable intentions. It seems to us that we are always giving other nations credit.

. . . . . .

Talking about cricket captaincy, a sporting writer mentions that certain critics have got their knives into Gilligan. Yet just as many have got their feet on the Fender.

. . . . . .

There is a guard on the Southern Railway who has subsisted for the last two years on a diet of slops. How weary he must be of the permanent whey.

. . . . . .

Culinary conversation is now popular in society circles. We understand that cereal stories are frequently bandied about over the dinner tables.

. . . . . .

"Do you know Mrs. Montmorency?"

"Only by sight. You see, we live in the same square but don't move in the same circle."

. . . . . .

A correspondent writes to ask why young girls drink cocktails. We fancy they do so because it wets their appetite.

. . . . . .

Some girls throw up their jobs for very insufficient reasons. We have just heard of a City typist who has given her employer notice on the grounds that she can't bear being dictated to!

An Old Remedy.

My wife is quite a decent sort,
Yet one bad fault I bar,
For keen on being thought a sport,
She carries things too far;
In ways, in speech, in dress and gait,
In figure, too (I'm tubby),
She is, I much regret to state,
More manly than her hubby.

Her shocking slang gives me a pang
That's frequently acute,
I writhe within, should she begin
With, "How's yourself, Old Fruit?"
She smokes both in and out of doors
Like half-a-dozen chimneys,
And makes me blush when my plus fours
Adorn her slight and slim knees.

I can't, of course, descend to force;
(Besides, she might hurt me),
Instead I'll use an age-long ruse,
An ancient remedy:
To show I'm master in my house,
I'll try a wily plan, sir,
I'll catch and then release a mouse,
And see if that unmans *her!*

. . . . . .

A friend tell us of an Aberdonian who once refused a drink. A Scotch missed can be a very distressing occurrence.

. . . . . .

"Has she made him a good wife?"

"I don't know, but she's certainly made him a good husband!"

A gentleman in a noisy and inebriated condition was ejected from the pit of a London theatre last week. He seemed to think that he had the right to boo as well as the right to booze.

. . . . . .

To-day's Reflection.—The whole life of a suburban amateur gardener may be summed up in the phrase, "digging and a back-ache."

. . . . . .

To settle Labour troubles use :—
A lot more fact,
And much less fiction;
Season with tact,
And cut out friction.

. . . . . .

It is a curious fact that the man who will stand up for women is the one who usually falls for them.

. . . . . .

"What an extraordinarily popular man Thompson is with the ladies."

"Yes, he seems to contrive to make a hit with every Miss."

. . . . . .

It is sometimes said that man has conquered the air. We know, however, several street musicians who haven't.

. . . . . .

For failing to pass an examination two undergraduates, who have represented Cambridge at athletics have been sent down. A fit of the Blues is imminent.

. . . . . .

Answer to Correspondent :—No, Bobby, the Chilton Hundreds are not the things you can see with a microscope in a cheese.

CUTTING!

By Lance Mattinson

"My knife was a trifle blunt, waiter, but I managed all right"
"I am glad of that, sir"
"Yes, I stropped it on the steak!"

The Man in Possession

BY DAVID WILSON

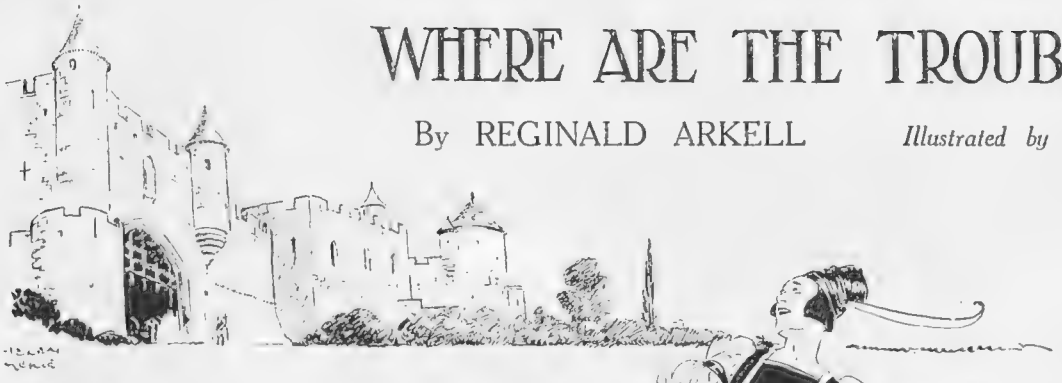
Whatever effect the Land Proposals of Mr. Lloyd George may have in the Liberal Camp, he still remains the Man of Ideas, with Party Funds to back 'em

BY STAN TERRY

UNIFORM TREATMENT!

WHERE ARE THE TROUBADOURS?

By REGINALD ARKELL *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*



To reach the Riviera you must first pass through the Land of the Troubadours.

[*The Blue Train stops at Avignon.*]

Each year, when the Blue Train pulls up at Avignon, and I wake to find the southern sunshine streaming into my *wagon-lit*, I am tempted to break my journey in the hope of discovering the

"I shall hop out on to the platform"

Last of the Troubadours. One of these days I shall respond to the impulse. Instead of turning over and going to sleep again, I shall hop out on to the platform, and the good people of Provence, seeing me in my pink silk pyjamas, will know, beyond shadow of a doubt, that the British are certainly as mad as they have always been supposed to be.

Over this Land of the Troubadours there broods the lasting glamour of golden-winged Romance. You cannot look at a local time-table without falling beneath its spell.

Arles! The old capital of Southern Gaul, with the remains of an amphitheatre built when the power of Rome was at its zenith, and when man and beast were thrown together to make a Roman holiday.

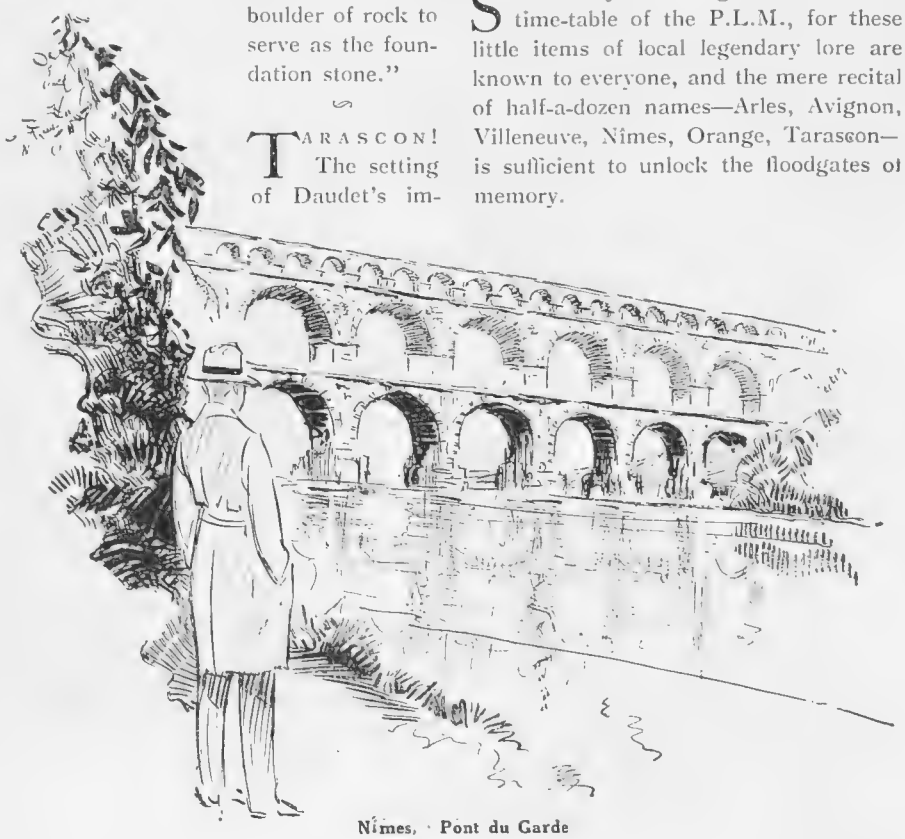
Avignon! The city of the Popes, with its legend of the little shepherd boy who was canonised for building the beautiful bridge that bears his name. Not that he raised this wonderful structure with his own hands. Like Joan of Arc and the peasant girl of Lourdes, he dreamed a dream that came true and "demonstrated the inspired nature of his mission by carrying to the river bank with his unaided hands a huge boulder of rock to serve as the foundation stone."

Tarascon! The setting of Daudet's immortal story which won him the esteem of two hemispheres though it lost him the regard of the local residents, who believed that the author was holding them up to ridicule.

Orange! Where you will find the Triumphal Arch which celebrates some forgotten Roman victory, and the great wall, rising to a height of 120 feet, which formed the back of the proscenium of the Roman theatre.

Nimes! Have you heard the legend of the Pont du Garde? It was built, they will tell you, by that same Devil who dug the Dyke in the Downs above Brighton. He asked, in payment, the soul of the first living thing that crossed it, and as that first living thing proved to be a hare, the poor old Devil got poorly paid for his pains.

So much you will gather from the time-table of the P.L.M., for these little items of local legendary lore are known to everyone, and the mere recital of half-a-dozen names—Arles, Avignon, Villeneuve, Nimes, Orange, Tarascon—is sufficient to unlock the floodgates of memory.



Nimes, Pont du Garde

But what of the Troubadours? Those gay fellows who sang of war and lived for love!

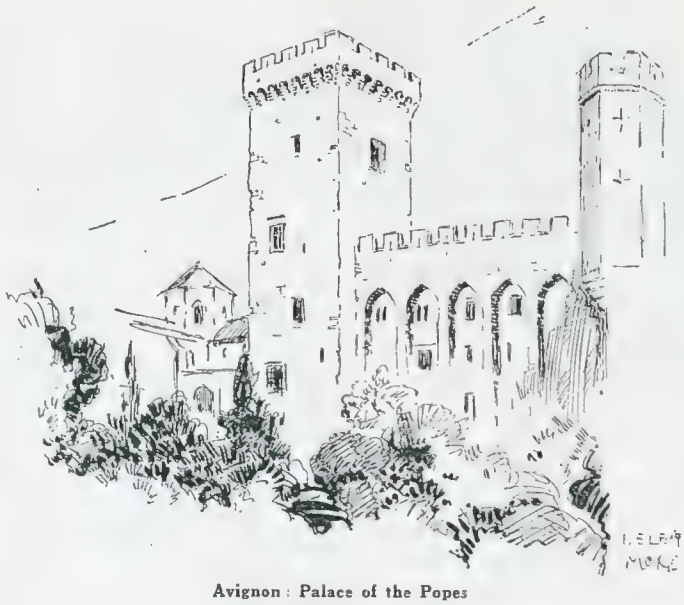
The Troubadour
Is going to war,
And all of the girls adore
him.
He swaggers along
With a cheery song,
And all of the troops
before him!
He will win the war,
Will the Troubadour.

S

The rhymester, you see, has taken many liberties with the subject of his lay. His very rhyming is not impeccable, and who ever heard of a Troubadour engaging in actual conflict? Certainly, we get a picture of the gallant fellow pushing the troops into battle from behind, but we shall find that all this is altered in the second verse:—

The Troubadour
Is home from the war,
And well in the van you'll find him.
He swaggers along
With a careless song,
And all of the troops *behind* him!
He has won the war,
Has the Troubadour.

It is all very well to poke fun at the Troubadours, but they bore high-sounding names and sang songs that have come ringing down the ages. There was Bertran de Born who sang of arms; Arnaut Daniel who sang of love; and Guiraut de Bornelh who sang of uprightness and honour—professing a virtue though he had it not. Their names live and, what is more to the point, their work lives, for they knew their business; and has not one of them, Raimon de Miraval, left it on record that "Never should obscure poetry be praised, for it is composed only for a price, compared with sweet, festal songs, easy to learn, such as I sing"?



Avignon: Palace of the Popes

S

This was written in the 12th century, and, if we can pardon the touch of egotism in the last sentence, we can sink back in our *wagon-lit at* Avignon, happy in the knowledge that one Troubadour, at least, left us a heritage of which we may well be proud.

S

But one of these days I shall leave the Blue train at Avignon and discover the Land of the Troubadours for myself. On a bright morning in February, armed only with a ukulele, I shall do a pier-head jump from the Blue Train, even though my pink silk pyjamas *do* cause a sensation from one end of Provence to the other.

[*The Blue Train leaves Avignon.*]

IN THE PROVINCES

Miss Cécile Maule-Cole, who is playing a leading part in "Mercenary Mary," on tour. When the Prince of Wales was in South Africa, Miss Maule-Cole played the name-part in the special production of "Sally" which was sent out there

IN THE LAND OF OLD ROMANCE

[illegible]

Our artist's impressions of old-world Arles and Avignon, famed in song and story since the days of [illegible]. [illegible] where troubadour sang and knight-at-arms rode by on palfrey, the modern influence of [illegible] and unromantic garb of to-day serves but to accentuate the storied romance that lies within the crumbling walls of [illegible]

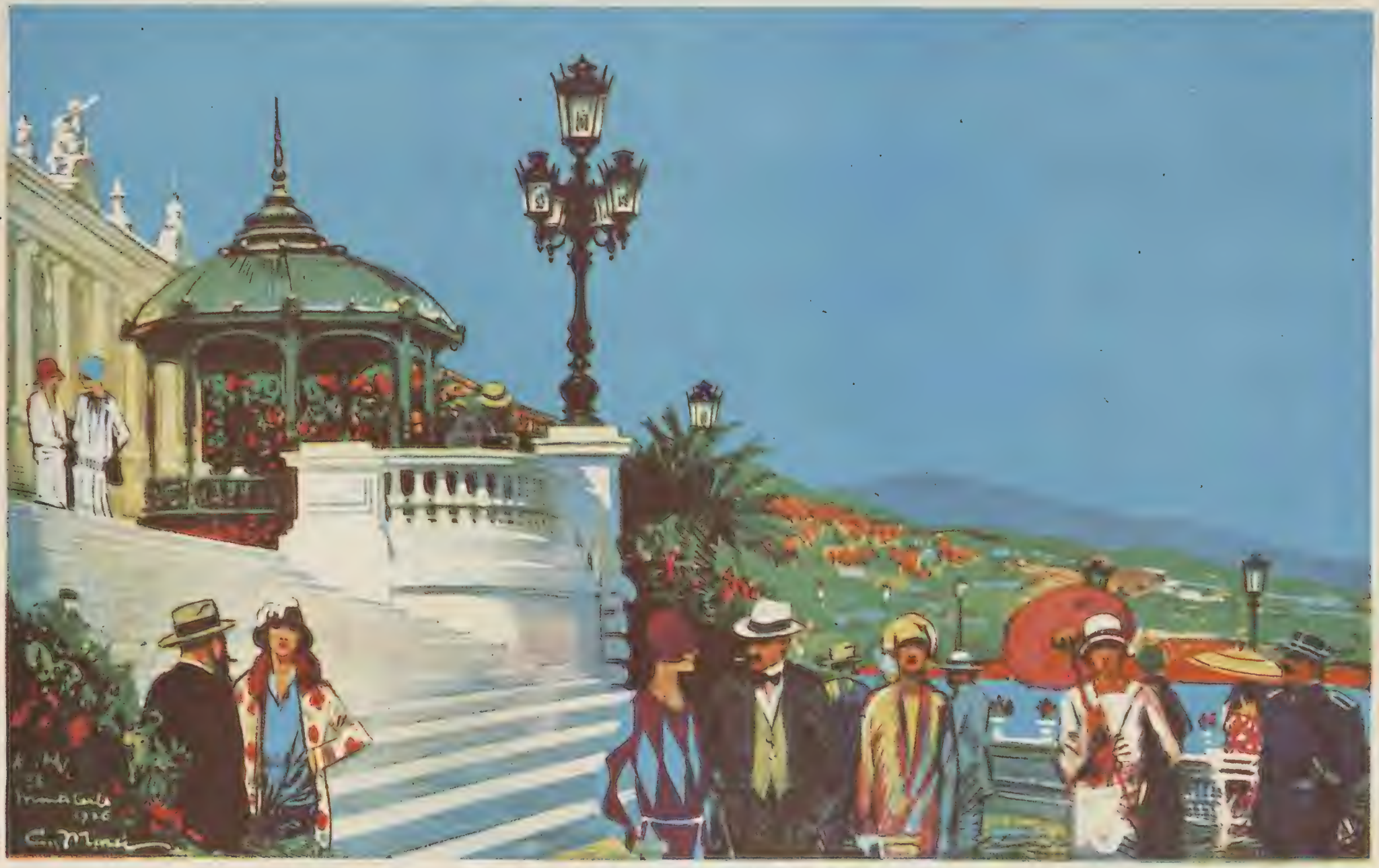
THE RIVIERA'S SOCIAL

A view of the famous polo ground at Maisons-Laffitte where, throughout the season, the world of fashion assembles to watch the gam
making the stands resemble a scintillatin

L SPORT PAR EXCELLENCE

BY HOWARD K. [illegible]

...rim tussels nested in the cheering Riviera sunshine. The gay dresses of the women present an everchanging splash of colour, ...ting diamond set in the emerald of the hills.



THE MECCA OF THE CÔTE D'AZUR

BY C. MORIN

Our artist's impression of the famous Casino Theatre at Monte Carlo. Hither come pleasure-seekers from all quarters of the globe to bask in the sunshine of the Côte d'Azur, and the Gold Coast of France in the Rooms and forget the trials of winter which are conspicuous by their presence in less favoured climes.

Seen from the Corniche Road

By Captain Leslie Richardson

CAP FERRAT FROM THE CORNICHE ROAD

I am often asked by busy folk who pay a flying visit to the Riviera what is the best way of obtaining a tabloid impression of the scenery of this fairy coast. For the most part my enquiries come from men who spend a few days on the Riviera while waiting for a ship to take them back to the "Shiny" from Toulon or Marseilles. I invariably advise the man in a hurry to make his headquarters at Nice and obtain his impression of the scenery by motoring over the Corniche Road to the Italian frontier.

This road is unique of its kind and the most experienced globe-trotter searches his mind in vain for anything to beat it. It is, on the whole, quite a modern feat of engineering due to the genius of the great Napoleon, though a section of it was familiar to the Roman legionaries. First of all, one has a rather tedious climb out of Nice until a feast of snow-clad mountains greets the eye, and one remembers that it is possible to breakfast in the open air at Cannes or Nice and lunch amid the snows of Peira-Cava. Those who doubt the winter-sports possibilities of Peira-Cava should remember that the French War Office maintains a training school for the *Chasseurs Alpins* at Peira-Cava, and were there no snow the young *diables bleus* would never attain their high standard of proficiency in ski-running. But we are on the Riviera, and sun, not snow, is our ideal. Turning a corner we leave the Alps behind and find, spread at our feet, the blue mantle of the Mediterranean. Away in the west rises the theatrical silhouette of the Esterel, a fairyland that divides Cannes and Saint Raphael. Across miles of sapphire sea and golden sunshine lie the Lerins Isles and Antibes. The Bay of

BEAULIEU AND CAP FERRAT

MONTE CARLO FROM CAP MARTIN

Angels, another study in blue and gold, Villefranche Bay, and a grim warship or two, are spread out for our delectation. Beaulieu and Cap Ferrat make a pleasant splash of green against the blue of sea and sky. Next the ancient rock-village of Eze claims our attention. Perched on a pinnacle of rock like an eagle's eyrie, Eze is typical of the old life of the Riviera, when no one dare live on the foreshore for fear of the Barbary pirates. Looking down on these peaceful brown villages, it is difficult to realise that but little more than a century ago Christian slaves toiled in the galleys of the Algerian pirates. In Menton one still hears tales of grandparents who were carried off by the pirates before the bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth in 1816. Many pens have been inspired by this romantic village, George Sand, Theodore de Banville, and Nietzsche, to mention but three.

AN ANCIENT ALLEY IN LA TURBIE

DESIGNED as a strategic road, there is little but tourist traffic on the Upper Corniche to-day. An occasional blue-clad soldier may be seen returning off leave to duty in one of the forts; sometimes one meets a mess-cart or a battery mule. More often the sole occupant of the road is an ancient in a broad-brimmed black hat urging a sorely-laden donkey up a *pavé* path among the olives. The very olives are worth many moons of travel to behold. Than the olive I know of no more romantic tree; the Druid Oak and the wind in the pines are banal beside the green and grey of a Riviera olive-grove. Sacred to the ancient Greeks, and sung by the Psalmist, the olive to the dweller by the Latin Lake is as important as the potato to the Irishman. It provides him with a substitute for butter in a land where cows can find neither foothold nor sustenance.

BEFORE La Turbie is reached a by-way branches off to the Monastery of Laghetto, where King Carlo Alberto confessed on his way to exile after the battle of Novara. The building dates from 1652, though the original shrine is very much older. Laghetto cannot fail to interest those who are unfamiliar with the ecclesiastical institutions of the Continent. La Turbie is one of the charming townlets of the Riviera. Originally a Roman rest-camp, posting station, and customs house on the frontier between Gaul and Italy, Turbia has a deal of Ancient Rome about her to-day. The so-called "trophy" was a tower raised by Augustus in commemoration of his victory over the Ligurians;

Photographs by G. K. Ballance *Decorations by NICK*

TWO CLEVER DODGES

Swaine

The Dodge Sisters, who are dancing in that successful musical play, "Turned Up," which has turned up trumps at the New Oxford Theatre

it has survived down the ages in spite of being a Guelph Fort and its attempted demolition by Louis XIV. The dark-eyed men and maidens display a truly Italian love for colour in gaudy caps and brilliant shawls, pack-donkeys in charge of bronzed *contadini* wander up the dark alleyways and tunnels in strange contrast with the ultra-modern life of Monte Carlo three thousand feet below. Here, to my mind, lies a deal of the fascination of the Riviera; one can play at Roman Legionaries or Guelphs and Ghibellines on the mountain side all day, woo the Goddess Chance in the Casino in the evening, and dance the night away at the Carlton or any of the other gay resorts of the Principality.

From La Turbie the Upper Corniche descends below old-world Roquebrune to the base of the Cap Martin Peninsula, whence one gathers one's first impressions of Italy across the olive-groves. Down, the road wanders through Menton, and out on to the shores of Garavan Bay, the most beautiful stretch of the whole Riviera, until the frontier is reached. A quaint bridge across a picturesque gorge of the limestone cliffs leads into the Land of Dante where we are confronted by *carabinieri fascisti*, and other emissaries of Mussolini, who in reality are not nearly so fierce as first impressions would have us believe.

FOR Health and Beauty make delicious "Ovaltine" your daily beverage. The concentrated nourishment extracted from malt, milk and eggs which is contained in "Ovaltine" rebuilds and restores brain, nerve and body, and gives the beauty which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold in Tins at 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6

P.323

The Carnival Spirit

By TOM DOWNINGTON Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

IT is carnival time on the Côte d'Azur.

DO you know what that means? Have you, also, "flung roses, roses riotously with the throng"? Have you danced to put those pale, lost lilies out of mind?

YOU will notice that the carnivals of England and the carnivals of the Côte d'Azur have very little in common. One does not fling roses, either riotously or otherwise, at an English carnival. One is just riotous, with a few packets of confetti thrown in. Neither does one dance to put "those pale, lost lilies out of mind." One dances with a view to making as much noise as possible and as much mess as possible. I am patriotic to my shoe-laces and to the last button of my spats, but I cannot commend the English carnival.

CARNIVAL is an exotic plant that is indigenous to the soil of the South. Perhaps it would be better to say that it is indigenous to the sunshine of the South, for it is born of sunshine and is utterly dependent on soft breezes and a clear sky. Sunshine forces the flowers that we strew with such prodigality along the more populous promenades that skirt the tideless sea. Sunshine makes it possible for the revellers to garb their bodies in proper carnival costume and their minds in the proper carnival spirit. Carnival is a child of the sun—a child of the South—a child of the Côte d'Azur.

TWO or three years ago we tried to bring King Carnival to England, but his reign was short and not too sweet. We arranged Carnival Weeks at some of our leading pleasure resorts, and we told ourselves that we should end by beating the Riviera at its own especial game. But the result was disastrous. Somehow, nobody quite knew why, it never began to be like that. Great crowds gathered; howling mobs rolled up and down the promenades; shouts and shrieks rent the air, and everybody was thankful when it was over.

"They didn't care to have second-hand confetti pushed down their collars"

THE proprietor of a very famous seaside hotel told me that the carnival drove more of his customers away than a plague or an air-raid. Somehow, they didn't care to have second-hand confetti pushed down their collars by hysterical servant girls. And so, when the suggestion to hold a second carnival was mooted, it was a case of "nothing doing."

IT would be interesting to discover why we cannot keep carnival in England. After all, English people are the backbone of Continental carnivals. They decorate their cars with lavish taste; they throw roses as riotously as any, and they enter most thoroughly into the spirit of the thing. Yet, put these same people in England and they cannot revel for little apples. We are a self-conscious race, and I suppose we are less self-conscious at Cannes than we are at Clacton. We will unbend at Monte Carlo when we won't even be seen at Margate.

IT was suggested to me that the real difference was one of climate. The climate of the Riviera is soft and relaxing, with the result that revellers do not revel too strenuously. The drawback to an English carnival is that you get your hat barged over your eyes and someone steps on your foot in the first five minutes. This is not to say that the English reveller is rude or rough. It merely means that the bracing climate of these northern lands carries him further than it is good for him to go. Friendliness is a great quality, but it can be overdone. You will, *par exemple*, find yourself in a police court if you try to kiss a policeman. In the same way, over-friendliness is one of the things that have helped to destroy the carnival spirit here.

(*Continued on page* 318)

With the Distaff Side at the Covert Side

Topical

IN THE SADDLE

The Marchioness of Bute ready for action. The photograph was taken at a recent meet of the Cottesmore which was held at Somerby

Dennis Moss

A WILTSHIRE MEET

Lord and Lady Bathurst at the meet of the V.W.H (Earl Bathurst's) Hounds at Lord Suffolk's seat Charlton Park, Malmesbury

Poole, Waterford

WITH THE CHESHIRE

Miss Dennis of Greysfield, Barrow, at a meet of the Cheshire at Peckforton Gap. A hill fox provided good sport in the morning, making from Cholmondeley Castle to the Hills

L.N.A.

READY FOR ACTION

The Duchess of Westminster and Lady Stanley submit to the photographer with good grace before a run with the Quorn. The meet was held at Beeby

With the Camera at Two Gatherings of the Garth

Photographs

AT THE COVERT

Captain Arthur Hewson, M.C., and the Hon. Mrs. Hewson waiting for the hounds to draw. The photograph was taken at a recent meet of the Garth at Pot Bridge, Odiham

Central Press

BEFORE THE RUN

Major Sir Herbert Cayzer, the Master of the Garth, at the recent meet at Pot Bridge. He took over the Mastership in 1922

Alfieri

"INFANTRY" AND "CAVALRY" AT THE MEET

A photograph taken at the "After the Ball" meet of the Garth at Easthampstead Park, Bracknell. The group shows: Miss Alston (left), Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Scareserick, Mrs. and Mr. Burton Currie and Mr. Hamilton Russell

THERE is, you see, a Plimsoll line beyond which it is not wise to load this good ship Carnival.

IT is possible to revel decorously and yet squeeze the last drop of fun out of the proceedings. We laugh at the stranger with the big nose—up to a point. When he digs us in the ribs and bangs us over the head with something harder than a bladder we are apt to depart in disgruntled fashion. We say he is impertinent, when, after all, it is only his fun. He has pushed the joke too far, but he is not really to blame. It is the climate that has betrayed him. Put him in the languorous South and he would be the life and soul of the party. He has the Carnival spirit, but it is a little over-developed. That is all.

IT would be a good thing for us if we could capture this same Carnival spirit. When, a month ago, I was travelling from Monte Carlo to Menton I fell a-talking with the man who first introduced trout and salmon to New Zealand, and I gathered that the islands had been brighter and better for the innovation. But here was a curious point. After the Scotch or Scandinavian salmon had become naturalised, they lost the special peculiarities of their kind and approximated to those found

"You will find yourself in a police court if you try to kiss a policeman"

in Italian waters. If you look at a map of the world you will see that this curious phenomenon is explained by the laws of latitude or longitude or both—I forget which.

AND this question of Carnival Spirit is, I am sure, to be answered on the same lines. You take some queer English fish and plant him down in the South, with the result that he can wear his long nose without becoming a general nuisance and ends up by hitting you over the head with something softer than a brick-bat.

GIVE him a couple of seasons, and you will find him not only flinging roses, roses riotously with the throng, but, possibly, even dancing to put those pale lost lilies out of mind. In time, he will learn to abhor confetti, that filthy by-product of the paper-puncher's art, which has had more to do with the fall of King Carnival in England than any other thing that I can think of.

ABOMINABLE stuff! Five years ago I was held up by a coster's wedding, and I still find bits of confetti in my hair. Not until it is forbidden by law, shall we revel gladly, as do those happy Carnival crowds upon the joyous Côte d'Azur.

By Hynes

SOME "ENTERTAINING" PEOPLE AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

Our artist's impressions of some of those charming people who entertain with song and dance those who sup at the Café de Paris. Layton and Johnstone are old friends, but Miss Marbe is a new arrival in London

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THE RUGGER WORLD

THE ARMY GETS ITS ORDERS

By "PENDARVES"

If you were not there, and want to see an exciting game on paper, glance at the fluctuating scores in the recent Army v. Harlequins match. They appeared on the Twickenham scoreboard thus :—

	Points
The Army a try (in the first few minutes)	3 (H 0.A 3)
Gibbs drops a clever goal for the Harlequins	4 (H 4.A 3)
Chick gets in. They convert the try	5 (H 9.A 3)
Army goes over again : and a goal.....	5 (H 9.A 8)
Army in yet again, try not converted	3 (H 9.A11)
'Quins score very clever try, and a goal ..	5 (H14.A11)
Bryan races over for the Army, a goal ...	5 (H14.A16)
Hodge scrambles over in the corner, no goal	3 (H17.A16)
Gibbs gets clean away, another goal	5 (H22.A16)
No side.	

And the conclusion of one of the best club games that has been seen on the Twickenham ground for many a long day.

Not very high-grade football, perhaps, but a galaxy of fun for the spectators, who seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. In fact, the spectators took entire charge of the game, and the Army got its orders. A short, sharp, "rapid independent" volley of orders they were, and when they began to be voiced then began the real fun for me.

For I had sitting beside me a humorist (and a caricaturist of distinction, too) : one of those priceless people who can utter grave satires on men and things with a face of stone ; while you rock in your seat, inarticulate with laughter. Thus :—

[The crowd's remarks are in italics. My companion's in ordinary type.]

"Go ON, Army!"

"Ah. They've got orders to advance. Now I suppose we shall see real rugger?"

"That's BETTER, Army. That's better."

"Wonderful what well-voiced praise can do to raise the morale of troops."

"Now, let's have another one, Army." [The Army scores.]

"You see? Magnificent discipline our fellows show, don't they? But that is one of the Army's finest traditions, I suppose, isn't it? I don't know much about it myself, never having been able to serve."

"Here! HERE!"

"Hear! Hear! Smart spectator, that. Probably a sergeant - major in plain clothes, don't you think?"

"Get ROUND it, Army!"

"They've got to get round it now. I say, they've got a deuce of a lot to *do*, one way and another. D'you think they can manage it all? I wonder what the next order will be. Jolly interesting, being let into all these Army tactical exercises. Perhaps they'll have a staff ride presently, if we're lucky."

"THAT'S the stuff!" [A typical cross-kick by Hamilton-Wickes.]

"Ah! I wondered what it was. So that is the *stuff*, is it? M-m ; yes ; I should think the material would make up very well." . . .

"No orders seem to have been issued recently. Perhaps the C.O. is crocked : I wonder?"

"Get UP, Army!"

"They've got to get up now. Seems rather hard, their having to get up just yet. I'm sure they've had a hard week : intensive training, and all that."

[Gibbs gets in for the Harlequins.]

"Now that was entirely because the Army has had no orders issued to it recently. I mean, what can you expect? They are a Force without a Leader. Or it may be that they have been told to get round and not square. One never knows : does one?"

"That was a silly kick, Davies."

"He's perfectly right. Oughtn't we to speak to someone in authority about it?"

"Play the GAME, Army!"

"Well now, that is really asking *too* much of them. That's silly. Enough to demoralise any side, that is. It's a crying shame, to expect men to do that."

"Go on UP, Young."

"I say, I'm afraid that sounds like an imminent court-martial for Arthur Young. Great pity, you know : young subaltern : just at the commencement of his career, too : ruined, I suppose he'll be, socially, anyway : pity." . . . "Everyone is shouting 'GO ON' now, so I suppose there must be something in it. I've always doubted the wisdom of it myself, hitherto, but somehow I feel now that it must be the thing to do : curious."

[Very deep voice from back of stand] : *"COME ON THE ARMY NOW."*

"Ah! That was a corps commander. I'm certain of it. Didn't you notice the War Office timbre of voice? I did : unmistakable."

"GO ON, ARM-E-E."

"There must be some obtuse technical difference between 'Come on' and 'Go on.'—unintelligible to us civilians, of course : but these Army fellars seem to understand it : all a matter of training in the Army class at school and at Sandhurst afterwards; I imagine : interesting bit of psychology, though, what?" . . .

[It gets very dark.]

"I suppose they'll be lighting up soon. The Signal Corps will provide the players with lamps. You may be sure they haven't forgotten them. My dear chap, the Army forgets nothing, ever. Why, it even remembers distinctly how the Americans won the war—marvellous I call it. Don't you?" . . .

By Charles Ambrose

CAPTAIN ANGUS HAMBRO, M.P.

An impression of the well-known golfer, who, in addition to acting as Chairman of the Rules of Golf Committee, is one of the most graceful players who ever swung a club

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recruits spent energies.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

By "THE TOUT"

MAJOR WILSON

Who rode "Double Chance" to victory in last year's Grand National. He will have the mount again this year

The Lincoln

So far as the Lincolnshire Handicap is concerned, the air was cleared to an appreciable extent by the acceptances last week. The Joel puzzle does not look nearly so bewildering as it did before six of the nine horses in this interest were struck out. This wholesale clearance leaves Mr. Sol Joel with Green Fire, Pasha, and Pando, the last of whom is not trained in the same stable as the other two. It would, perhaps, be rash to jump to the conclusion that Pasha will be the chosen one for the race, but in a list of prices now before me he is quoted at 14 to 1, Pando at 50's, and Green Fire at 66 to 1. You can draw your own conclusions from these odds. The inference is that Pasha will be the Joel horse at Lincoln, and I believe this has been the stable's plan all along. You could not back this five-year-old for the Lincoln on his form last year, but I do not think Walter Earl ever had him really to his liking. It is different now. Pasha was the first horse seriously backed for the race prior to the appearance of the weights, and it is clear that the money for him was inspired.

French Horses

We now know pretty well how we stand regarding the French colts at Lincoln. With the exit of Ptolemy II, Brumaire, and others, Coram would seem the best of the foreign contingent, which also comprises First Edition II and Lustucru. The former of these had one or two good performances to his credit in France last season, but the other's chief claim to fame seems to be based on his recent successes in hurdle races. Lustucru was the winner last month of the Prix de Monte Carlo, one of the big events of the winter season at Nice. There is one thing in favour of Capt. Gill's jumper at Lincoln. He is sure to be fit after racing during the winter.

Top Weights

Still, I shall be surprised if either Lustucru or First Edition II proves a better Lincoln horse than Coram, who is cut out for the job. His record as a three-year-old shows him to be essentially a spring performer. This time he will have the advantage of better gallops than he had last year, for there is plenty of excellent ground in that part of Wiltshire to which Coram has been sent. True, he has plenty of weight to carry, but, taking the colt on his Cambridgeshire running, the handicapper has not treated him unfairly. It is satisfactory to find Zionist still in the race. I believe the Whatcombe people mean serious business with this colt. A few days ago I asked one of them where they proposed training him, for it is well known that the Whatcombe gallops are not very good during or immediately after a wet winter. "Don't worry about that," I was told. "You'll see that he will be fit enough on the day of the race." They thought at Whatcombe that Zionist would have got in a little more lightly, but they are not disposed to complain of his weight.

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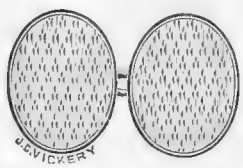

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE—Legal Decisions.

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THE Portland Club has done a great service to Bridge players in publishing a number of its decisions on selected cases arising out of the laws. They are bound up with the laws, and are issued by Messrs. Thomas de la Rue, price half a crown. There are no fewer than eighty-four decisions, and they cover a wide range of enquiry. I think that all of us ought to be very grateful to the Cards Committee of the Portland Club for the good work it performs for Auction Bridge players. An immense number of enquiries are received, involving considerable labour. To every correspondent a prompt reply is sent, although, of course, it ought to be recognised that no one has a *right* to a reply. It is a matter of grace and courtesy on the part of the Club, but I am afraid that some correspondents seem to take it all as a matter of course.

. . . . . .

It is impossible to make laws which will fit every case, and it is likewise impossible to make laws that will be interpreted by everybody in the same way.

A careful study of these decisions will give the readers the key to their true meaning.

While the laws should be observed rigidly—ignorance of the laws is no excuse for not enforcing them—they should be interpreted in a broad and liberal fashion and applied intelligently and with common sense.

You have to consider the spirit as well as the letter of the law. Cases occur—rarely, I admit—where players attempt to stretch the meaning of the law to cover what might almost be called sharp practice. For instance, I have seen on more than one occasion Declarer throw down his hand towards the end of the game under the mistaken impression that he can make no more tricks. If the other three players all throw in their hands, under law 70 the hands are abandoned and the score must be left as claimed and admitted. But no opponent should wish to take advantage of such a situation! If he sees Declarer has made a mistake in thinking he can make no more tricks, he should certainly not throw in his hand, but ask for it to be played out. No honourable player should desire to claim tricks that he cannot make. This is a question of fact, not of law, and laws do not contemplate any kind of sharp dealing or giving any player an unfair advantage.

It is true that in some cases both opponents may throw in their hands, thinking Declarer's statement is correct, and then he must accept the situation; but where either opponent knows for certain that Declarer is making a mistake of fact, it is up to him to play the game.

. . . . . .

On this point a case is given:—"Y wins the eleventh trick. A, the Declarer, throws down his two last cards, which are the 10 and 7 of Diamonds, thinking that they are both losers. Y shows his last two cards, the King and 9 of Diamonds, and Y says, 'You abandoned your hand and cannot pick it up again.' Which is right?"

"Decision.—A is entitled to claim one trick, as there is no penalty against him for exposing any or all of his cards. (Law 63.)"

Y may have genuinely thought that he was acting within the law, but I consider he showed the wrong spirit in making a claim to a trick to which he was not entitled.

. . . . . .

Many interesting decisions are given as to the rights of Dummy about which quibbles often arise. Here is a case of interest:—

"The fourth player played his card to a trick in such a way that Dummy was unable to see what it was. Dummy enquired what the card was, and fourth player refused to give the information, maintaining that Dummy had no right to ask."

"Decision.—Dummy has the right to see the trick before it is turned. (Law 56.)"

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THE RIVIERA WEEK BY WEEK
Under this heading Society doings along the whole of the Côte d'Azur will be dealt with by Special Correspondents on the Spot in a weekly article in THE BYSTANDER, which will be on sale throughout the Season

1627

'Jocond his Muse was'

Some thirty years in all of his fourscore and three our Robert Herrick spent as parson-recluse in 'dull Devon-shire,' leaving Dean Prior but very rarely for his 'Beloved Westminster' and the 'Golden-cheap-side' where he was born seventh child of a goldsmith in 1591.

It is to these years that we owe the loveliest, daintiest pastoral lyrics of the language, years of a placid bachelor happiness with his old maid Prew to cosset him and those odd pets of his for 'toyes'—the goose, the orphan lamb, the spaniel Tracie, the mouse-fed cat, the sparrow Phil 'that was With Lillies Tomb'd up in a Glasse,' and the gifted pig that drank gentlemanly out of a tankard.

When the fancy turns from Dean-bourn to 'those Lyrick Feasts, Made at the Sun, The Dog, the triple Tunne,' with his 'Saint Ben' Jonson and the rest of the witty carousing poetical crew, it is a pleasant thing to remember that already in 1627 John Haig was distilling. There needs another Herrick to-day to tell aright the history and the praises of John Haig!

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THE GOOD NEW DAYS

DOG DREAMS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

To-day (Wednesday) brings the opening of Cruft's International Championship Show, the biggest in the world, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, *apropos* of which The Kennelman touches his forelock to "Old Stager," of Godalming, for the following:—

"As one who has enjoyed his Bystander since its first appearance, I appreciate your weekly dishes because their genuine Doggy lore is always served with horse-sense. You and your readers may like to know that it is just thirty-five years since I first visited and exhibited at Cruft's great Dog Show, and I hope to be on deck on the 10th for Mr. Cruft's thirty-ninth. It may be the correct veteran thing to protest that the Dogs and their exhibitors are nothing like what they were. Well, that is true, but only in this sense: they're both a long way ahead of their forbears, not only in numbers, but in quality and understanding. More than 1,100 separate classes; over 8,000 separate entries—marvellous! The fact is that interest, knowledge and enthusiasm which thirty-five years ago were confined to a tiny group of fanciers to-day have spread to the British public as a whole. British Dogdom, as you call it, Mr. Kennelman, was never in the old days half so fine or a tenth part so prosperous as it is to-day; and in the matter of its amazing post-war growth it owes quite a bit to writers and the periodical Press."

Recent references to the deservedly beloved Cocker Spaniel seem to have interested many readers, as will the book mentioned, "The Popular Cocker Spaniel." In the matter of their weight and size opinions vary. From the health standpoint, the desirable weight for any Dog must needs depend on his size. As regards correct type, 30 lb. is distinctly heavyish for a Cocker, and, unless for one of Miss Cust's so-called "Pocket Cockers," the weight described as "round about eighteen" is very much on the low side for a true Cocker—a Gun-Dog. The Kennelman would prefer something between 23 and 28 lb.

"That dogs, in common with other animals, move and make noises in their sleep is doubtless true, but this is not in any scientific sense evidence that they dream." In all things Dogs are among the keenest, most zestful and active of creatures, and it would be queer if they didn't dream. But, of course, they do, and often with great enjoyment, too. In the kennels for which I'm responsible the rule is to close run-gates at the time of the evening meal, which is followed by bones, by way of savoury. The oldest inhabitant (Bloodhound) is a privileged person, and one evening two or three weeks back his gate was left open till long after supper. In the dusk of early morning I was rather amused to find him still sound asleep. In the moment of waking he gave me one quick look and streaked out through the gate to the paddock, flag up and flews to earth, as in tracking. The invariable rule with all our family is to potter round, close in, sniffing, stretching and exchanging morning greetings for the first few minutes. In defiance of all custom and etiquette, old Squire made one break of it to the elderberry bushes on the paddock's far side, where he dug for a minute, like a beaver on piece-work, till he'd unearthed the half shinbone he'd buried there the night before, and brought it triumphantly back to his kennel. You mustn't tell me he hadn't been dreaming of that bone.

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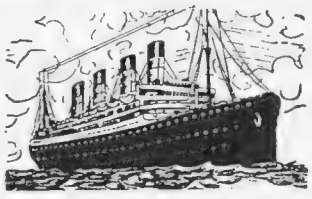

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RASHES AND SPOTS are apt to appear on the skin at this time of the year, owing to weather and constitutional changes. Valaze Baume Blanc quickly heals and soothes, and for the immediate concealment of blemishes, Novena Pasta is wonderful. Prices: **5/6** and **2/9** respectively.

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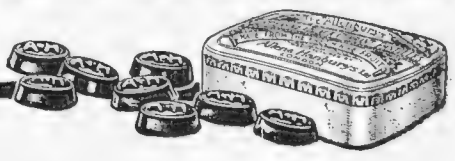

PARISIANA

By "Rene"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Unkind gossip"

Mes Amis—

Leon Volterra, who may be known to some of you as the man who has made the Casino de Paris what it is—with more than a little assistance from Mlle. Mistinguett and Maurice Chevalier, *bien entendu*—has apparently been doing too well for some folk. Until lately his path has appeared very smooth. Even when he had a fire he turned it to advantage, to the extent that he built a brighter and more comfortable Casino out of the ruins.

But lately there has been an effort to submerge him under tribulations. First there was a lawsuit by the former proprietor to restrain him from using the name of Casino de Paris, and M. Volterra was ordered to change the name within a fortnight. To me this decision seems rather harsh. I have not the slightest inclination to feel any bias in favour of M. Volterra, for his employés have a habit of taking advantage of unsuspecting British and other tourists by accepting money for good seats and foisting off on them undesired *strapontins*, but it appears more than rough to make him change the name of his establishment after he has won for it a reputation known all over the world.

Names may not matter apropos of roses, but the name is surely of greater consequence than the building in regard to a place of amusement—and what was the Casino de Paris before Volterra vaulted into the *directeur's* seat? The old proprietor successfully claimed that he had retained possession of the name but, *après tout*, the name as he retained it had not the same value. At least he ought to be taxed on unearned increment.

And this is not the only lawsuit for M. Volterra. Mlle. Colonna Romano, of the Comédie-Française, who is the actual proprietress of the Casino building, has brought a suit demanding the closing of the "Perroquet," the popular *dancing* which M. Volterra established in a spare corner of the premises. As it is stated that the lease only permits use of the building for theatrical purposes, it looks odds on Volterra losing this case as well. We shall miss the "Perroquet" if it has to go, but it must be said that Colonna Romano's case sounds more substantial than that of the other plaintiff. Unkind gossips say Colonna Romano was annoyed with her tenant because she has to pay the "Poor-tax" every time she uses the Casino *loge*, which she had had "gratuitously" placed at her disposal under the terms of the lease. But this may be mere malice.

There is trouble in another quarter, too, where one would scarcely have expected it, for it is revealed that Maurice Yvain, the successful operette composer, and M. Salabert, his publisher, are about to sever an association that must have been very, very profitable to both of them. According to the story I hear, M. Salabert, who has perhaps become rather haughty as the consequence of booming sales, decided that songs and dances must be cut to strictly exact measurements like socks or sandwiches. Yvain, who has long been restive under this system, believing that, while measure has a very important place in music, it should not be introduced arbitrarily in regard to the number and size of pages, feels that this imposition was principally responsible for the failure of "Bouche à Bouche"—rather lamentable after the triumphs of "Ta Bouche" and "Pas sur la Bouche"—and he will have no more of it. He has found another publisher. Possibly M. Salabert will regret it.

"Taking advantage of unsuspecting British tourists"

But not all is for the worst in the theatrical world. Comes simultaneously news of two prospective marriages. Jenny Golder, who recently appeared in London with, I am told, much success, is about to marry one of the managers of the Paris group of theatres for which she has often sung and danced, M. Henri Varna. And Dranem, the leading Paris comic actor, will marry "Suzie" O'Nill. The fashion of stage marriages having been started, there is no telling where it will end. We may even hear of the forthcoming wedding of Mlle. Mistinguett one of these days.

To all those who want to take up a new sport this summer, I give the advice to write to my friend M. Danielou, at the French Ministry of Marine. M. Danielou, who is Under-Secretary for the Merchant Marine, is organising the chase of the *beluga*, a kind of large dolphin which has been eating up the sardine shoals, and he tells me he desires the assistance of sporting tourists. Not only is he calling on the owners of suitable boats to provide places for willing hunters of the *beluga*, and providing them with "harpoon-guns," but he is offering prizes as well. There should be plenty of new fun in this.

René.

Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

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BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

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VALENTINE DAYS

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February* 8.

DEAR COUSIN—

REALLY rather extra bright and refreshing bit of news, this very latest and last, is not it? No, not about war debts or Sir Alf. Mond, or "getting round the table," or any silly old politics or whatnot, but the infinitely more thrilling and intriguing fact that at long last and after *x* and *y* years, we're actually reviving that perfumed relic of more picturesque days, the Valentine.

卐

YOU know, those delightful things people used to send each other just round about this date, on February 14 to be exact—just a bit before *our* time, of course, but only just. Lovely pictures of Cupids with bows and arrows and things, and bunches of forget-me-nots and roses and lilies, complete with lace edgings and pale blue (or pink) ribbons. *And* the most fascinating verses all about loves and doves, and hearts and darts, and kisses and blisses and misses, etcet.

"Slim and Slinky"

卐

WHICH were, it seems, quite freely and commonly despatched from young men to maidens at this period and *vice versa,* especially the latter, and even more so. Talk about *our* being bold and bad and all the rest of it! People do things now, according to one of our judges, that in his young days 'd have been thought improper. But would fain put most of us moderns to the blush, methinks, the kind of purple, pash, and ardent amorisms our fathers *and* mothers used to fling around quite regardless in those so-called quieter and chaster days.

卐

A GRACEFUL ancient custom though, God wot, as the ancients used to say—and I'm all for the revival of the fittest, so to speak. A sort of archaic flavour therein that goes well with Chippendale chairs or even Victorian lustre (they're really *hundreds* of years old, you know, Valentines are, and started centuries before Christmas cards). And have their uses, too, *and* economies for that matter, for some people—I mean, you can say things that way apparently that it'd take at least a couple of supper-dances *plus* taxi afterwards to get anything like as far as otherwise, what?

卐

COME to think of it, you know, life must have been much cheaper for men, some ways, those Valentine days than these Valentino ones (have you read *Twenty-five*, by the way, and how rude the author is to Rudolph? How they do love one another, these very young men, but that's by the way). I mean, no rushing off to parties, *à deux*, there wasn't, seemingly, and if you were seen supping with a man alone at a restaurant you might as well (for all respectable purposes) be dead. A reckless drive in a hansom was also more or less equivalent to social ruin.

卐

SO instead of, say, a dash to the Savoy to dine, with theatre to follow and "Supper Time" at the Troc. to see the new day in and a dance or two *chez* Henry to wind up with—our Immediate Ancestors would meet, as far as I can gather, *chez* mutual families or friends or at subscription dances, hunt balls, and the like, complete with chaperons. Though just possibly, of course, the young men of that day *did* have their own little parties every now and then—but it wasn't with *our* I.A.'s anyway, what?

卐

GOES rather well, by the way, the Valentine revival, with yet another one they've just made absolutely It in the little neighbouring City of Paris-on-Seine—the wearing of white satin, to wit. All the smartest and very last-cry evening frocks are constructed of such sweetly archaic stuff, all cut fearfully plain and nothing but pearls or stones as light relief, and white ermine cloaks. But *not* hoops or bustles to match—which, of course, were *really* invented modestly to hide the female form far from divine, the knocking knees, and the over-developed ankles of that day.

"Russian boots"

卐

SAME as, I suppose, the Russian boots or Boloshes of this—boom whereof, in certain quarters, they say has sent half Leicester and Northampton to the Riviera with thousands on thousands to burn . . . or, anyway, blow at the tables. And certainly *must* be rather a boon and a blessing to many. But for such of us as continue to follow *la mode* there are, of course, no such cowardly, if audacious, evasions. And truly, for all but the few it's an 'ard life these days . . . what with keeping the figure slim and slinky, and the latest Charleston bingle just right, and the fatted calf at bay, so to speak, for the prodigal-daughter-up-to-date.

A Valentine.

卐

POSITIVELY martyrs to it, some people seem to be, what with all sorts of Swedish or Czecho-slovak exercises and having to half-starve themselves under some stern *régime* that knows not Charbonnier chocolates or any of the other good things of life.

Whereas in Valentine days, of course, they just lay comfortably about on sofas and things and if they put another yard or so on to their hoops or bustles or whatnot no one noticed it . . . or else at the worst said what fine women they were growing, or words to that effect. But all the same me for honest, if strenuous, modernity every time, however occasionally painful, *n'est-ce-pas?*

卐

And as Lent's just ahead, rather specially appropriate really, doing a bit of fasting, and positively entitles one, in fact, methinks, to something in the way of a virtuous glow. Said solemn celebration of the Church being but little observed otherwise these days, I'm afraid—but salmon and sermon have their season in Lent, as some ancient philosopher (a shade frivolously) remarked, and anyway the salmon fishers one meets seem quite good at remembering about *their* dates.

卐

Said Lenten season being ushered in by a perfectly good Shrove Tuesday ball—the Stage Guild one at Covent Garden next Tuesday as ever is, where all the best stars from Delysia to Mr. Seymour Hicks will dance, it's rumoured, well into Ash Wednesday. And theatres don't seem to be slacking off much either, not so's you'd notice, judging by the programme of *premières,* American and other. Quite rare and refreshing, you know, to meet on this London stage of ours an all-British play, both written *and* acted by inhabitants of this little old country, these days.

"Supper-Time at the Trocadero"

卐

As, *par exemple,* that rather pleasing comedy *All the King's Horses* at the Globe, that charming Irene Vanbrugh's made her "come-back" in and proved, if proof's needed, that we've got *some* actresses of our own still. Not that I've got anything against U.S. plays, as such, so long as they're good—like the Eugene O'Neill one, for instance, called *Beyond the Horizon,* that the Repertory Players gave the other night. And which was really a fine, if somewhat depressing, show—as soon, that is, as the English actors therein had dropped the American accents they'd put on for the occasion, which happened by about the end of the first act. But rather rash effort ever to start, wasn't it?

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Blanchette.

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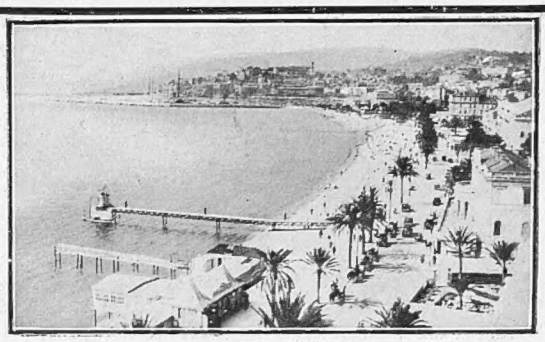

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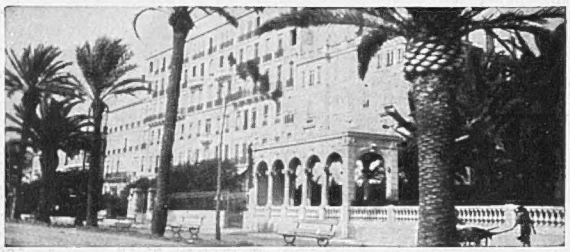

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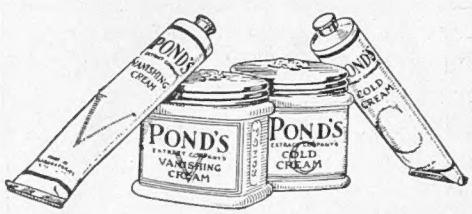

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FEMINA

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

By MRS. M. VINCE

ARTIFICIAL flowers are always with us. When they wither in one place, they blossom in another. For years they bloomed in our hats—in memory, I suppose, of those earlier times when simple people showed their happiness by putting wreaths of flowers on their heads. Yet if you were to see a woman with flowers in her hat to-day, you would turn and stare at her. The artificial flowers which seemed to have made a permanent garden on our heads have withered utterly away. But last summer they were blooming on our coats. Every coat had its bunch of artificial flowers, and the real flowers, which so many women had been used to wear, disappeared before them. So artificial flowers go on their erratic way. You never know where they will blossom next.

IT is the same in the house. There are always artificial flowers in blossom somewhere. The wax roses of our grandmothers have faded. So, too, have the woollen flowers which followed them, but to-day their place has been taken by the flowers made of shells, very expensive and very cleverly made. Instead of roses under a glass case, you have a branch of an apple tree in a pot, each calyx an electric light in the midst of its shell petals.

THE latest thing of all is artificial flowers in window-boxes. I was reading, a little while ago, of a house in Mayfair of which it was said that the "bright window-boxes" were full of artificial flowers "specially made, easily washed, and most attractive to the eye." And then this article in praise of them added, "In the hot weather they have obvious advantages over the more delicate real blossoms."

HOW true that is! But it is not only of flowers that it is so true. How much more "easily washed" artificial children would be than real ones, especially in the hot weather. In our drawing-rooms, how much more "attractive to the eye" wax husbands would be than many real ones—never in the way, and always as exquisitely dressed as an illustration in a tailor's catalogue. And yet, all things considered, we prefer husbands and children to be real. And why not real flowers, too? Admittedly they are absurdly delicate. They are born and blossom, and then wither and die—but so do we ourselves.

MOST imitations are quite easy to understand. From pearls to wood-panelling, from furs to leather, people have the imitation not because they prefer it to the real, but because it is cheaper. You may call this vanity or snobbishness or vulgar deception, but at any rate it is quite easy to understand. With imitation flowers, however, you are in the presence of something much more mysterious. Why do people like them so much that we are never without them in some form or other? I have heard it cynically suggested that they are popular because real flowers are so cheap in the country that no one values them, and so dear in the town that no one can afford to buy them. That is clever, but it does not explain the mystery.

DOES this vogue for artificial flowers come from a love of imitations or from a love of flowers? Certainly many people do love imitations for their own sake. They will like a wax rose just as they like an actor who exactly copies someone else's voice and mannerisms—because it is so clever. They like to be taken in by artificial pearls, just as they used to enjoy being taken in by the conjurer—simply because they do not know how it is done. But I do not think that a mere love of imitation for its own sake is the explanation. No one was ever deceived into thinking that the linen and silk and velvet flowers in our hats were real. They were not such perfect imitations that we were astonished at the cleverness of them.

THEN we do love imitation flowers because of our passionate love of real flowers, because, if we have not the real, we must have something as like them as possible? That explanation also is contradicted by the facts. We were all wearing artificial flowers in the summer, and the artificial window-boxes of that ingenious Mayfair lady were specially recommended for the "obvious advantages" which they had over "the more delicate real blossoms in the *hot* weather." No doubt the real blossoms are more delicate in the hot weather, but then it so happens that it is only in the hot weather that most of them bloom at all.

THE truth, I think, is that there is much less real love of flowers than most people imagine in others and profess to feel themselves. But the love of flowers is one of the permanent conventions of civilised life. Not to love flowers would be considered an extraordinary lack of taste. If anyone said such a thing, it would be received with almost the same embarrassment as something blasphemous or indecent. No one would quite know what to say in reply. Many of us have flowers in exactly the same way that people who do not read have books, and people who care nothing for pictures still hang them on their walls.

WHEN in the spring one sees the returning thousands coming into London on a Sunday evening all loaded with bluebells, I sometimes wonder how much the love of flowers has to do with it, and how much simply the old instinct of the chase. Flowers are the only remaining spoils of the countryside. If there were other things to bring back, how many would bring flowers?

SO we go on, mixing real and artificial, and never quite knowing which we prefer. For the real, after all, *are* real; but then the artificial are so clever, and do not fade, and you can "wash" them—all "obvious advantages"—until we are very near the muddled state of a flower-girl who once, in offering me a bunch of real roses, assured me that they were a "wonderful imitation of the artificial."

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

How charming it must be to be *Twenty-five* (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.* net)! And how jolly to be just sufficiently impertinent about the well-known people whom you happen to have met—professionally or otherwise. Mr. Beverley Nichols has certainly made the most of his opportunities in this volume of "candid reflections of his elders and betters," which I have just read with the greatest amusement.

Mr. Nichols, as you may possibly remember, began early. At about twenty-two he had written three novels and been President of the Union at Oxford. Rightly, however, he resolved to cry "Halt!" and took to a journalistic career. What it must have been like to have been interviewed by so unusual a "reporter" I cannot imagine, but I fancy that the young man must have made as many friends as enemies at the game, and in any case his interviews make very good reading.

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You are put into the best of good tempers at once. Mr. Nichols was lucky enough to accompany a learned deputation from this country to America during the last months of the war, and his sidelights on that professorial expedition are delightfully unorthodox. The story of Sir Henry Jones's toothbrush is alone worth a chapter by itself. Following these American scenes come accounts of visits paid by "high-ups"—an expressive term for really important folk which I happened to hear the other day—to Oxford. A ghost allows Mr. Nichols to be mysterious, and a visit to Greece at a time when Tino was alive placed him definitely on the side of that much maligned monarch and his even more maligned wife. Here, indeed, the author is serious, and one appreciates what he has to say.

MISS LETTICE JOHNSTONE

Who is a keen lawn tennis player, photographed at Cap d'Antibes, where the sunshine was not too strong to prevent smiles

I had read none of Mrs. C. A. Nicholson's novels until I chanced on *The Dancer's Cat* (Holden, 7*s.* 6*d.* net)—a matter of regret, for here indeed is a dramatic story of an unusual kind, written with wit and charm. For a while, I admit, I thought that the young Scot's infatuation for the mysterious Russian dancer, who had taken refuge in London, would follow what has come to be the conventional course in these things, but I soon learnt that Mrs. Nicholson is too cunning a writer to have done anything of the kind. On a sudden I found myself enveloped in a wholly unexpected affair, which held my attention to the very last page.

Yet I dare say that it is not perhaps the exciting story itself, so much as the unfolding of Lydie's own character, which, in the opinion of most people, may be said to mark off the book from the general run. What sort of a woman is she? Is Lady Glenforsa right in fighting against her, both before and after her son's tragedy? There are times when you think that she is absolutely justified. In any case, the struggle between the two women of entirely opposite sympathies is depicted in a manner which cannot but arouse admiration. But there is also her nephew Paul, whose outlook is not so narrow. He, too, is admirably sketched in, and it is to him that the reader will naturally turn for a clear understanding of the drama. I hear that the novel is "doing well," and can well believe it. See that it goes down on your library list.

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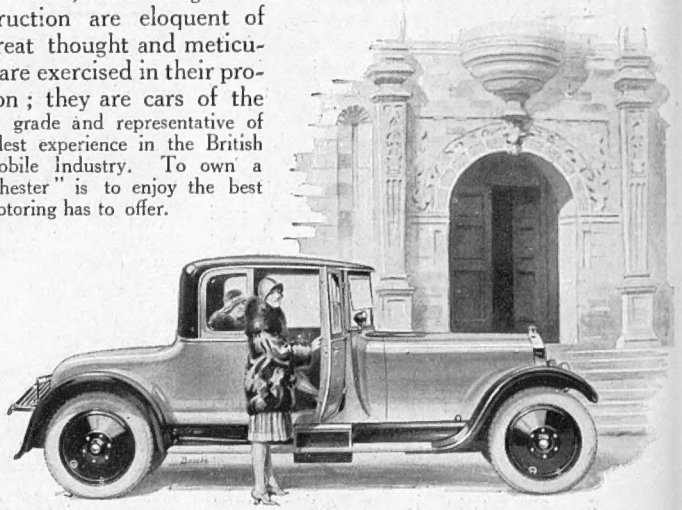

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